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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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Mayor Havemeyer.

SUDDEN DEATH OF HON. WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, IN HIS OFFICE IN THE CITY HALL, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 227.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

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BEGINNING ANEW.

POLITICAL critics agree that if the Republican Party would regain power it must acquire something which it lacks and lose something which it possesses. They are agreed also as to the fact that if the Democratic Party would retain power it must pass through the same conditions. So that there is now a race between the two parties, each striving to lighten itself and to strengthen itself. It by no means results from the recent elections that the Democratic Party is strong, but only that the Republican Party is weak. Indeed, in the recent campaign the least observable and least regarded thing was the Democratic Party. The result was not so much a Democratic victory as a Republican rebuke. Never before in the political history of the country were parties of so little account, and the threatening will of the people so apparent. Parties and demi-gods went for nothing; the undemonstrative mass, called chaotic, and said to be in process of formation, but being quietly sensitive and sensible, went for everything, as in a boastfully democratic country it ought to do.

So far as any plans may be entertained by ambitious statesmen for the year 1877, we would not give the milled edge of one nickel cent for them. For a great many years the mass has been giving out power to whomsoever in the name of statesmen would take the onerous business of governing the country off its hands. The mass was so busy with its private affairs that it had no time to attend to its public affairs. This year it gave warning that, private affairs being in rather a standstill condition, it would begin to consider problems of government. It begins anew. But the critics are divided in opinion concerning the manner in which the people shall carry their plans into operation. They of the *Nation*, who are independent, have no faith in the Democratic Party; but the *Nation* editors are critics of obvious facts, and are not discerners of popular and sentinel motives. On the other hand, both Dana and Halstead, who represent vast constituency, believe that the Democratic Party has really been liberalized, and has dropped its Bourbonism, and with it all taint of Baltimore riots and of Chambersburg burnings. That is, they believe that the people have put new spirit into old Democratic bottles. There is another class of critics, of which the *Post* and the *Tribune* are representatives, and which believes that the Republican Party, having sloughed off its corruptible members and corrupt measures, will come out of the ordeal regenerated and revived. So that the only problem which seems in the eyes of these critics to remain for the people to solve is this: Shall we accept Republicanism minus Grant and Butler, or Democracy minus draft riots and Baltimore disloyalty?

To our minds, the problem is deeper and reaches further. As between Wood, with repenting dignity, and Butler, with vicious audacity; as between clammy Tilden and grinning Colfax, there may be nothing to choose—but there is much to be considered concerning not only the measures which are to be fastened

upon the national policy by one party or the other, but concerning also the men who are to represent us in the future. Colfax, Butler, Shepherd, Cameron, and that sort of Republicans, are irrevocably dead and out of the way of doing harm. Grant's political influence, outside of mere official patronage, has the proportions of a cipher. It is possible, as the men of the *Tribune* and *Times* school intimate, for the Republican Party so wisely to use its existing material as to satisfy the people. It can do so only by cutting entirely loose from the dead past and the dead politicians. This is no time to fight for lost characters.

If it be true, as the irreconcilable critics say, that the Republicans are wholly bad and that the Democrats are altogether new Democrats, the Republican Party has little opportunity to retrieve error or to promote success. But is the Democratic Party liberalized? Did Dorseimer's majority in New York State demonstrate that Liberal Republicanism is so much greater and stronger in the Democratic name than Bourbonism itself? We doubt it. To some extent Democracy salutes and coddles Liberalism. But Horatio Seymour hastens to write that Pendleton is the coming man, and Pendleton, next to Vallandigham and Trick Pomeroy, has, to old and even to magnanimous Republicans, the most odious political name in the history of the last ten years. If Pendleton is to represent the future; if Copperheadism is to be an old name for vice and a new name for virtue; if the leader of Baltimore disloyalty is to be canonized, and the anniversary of the draft riots to be observed as a holiday—we believe that the Democratic tether is foreshortened. The people are magnanimous; but they cannot shake off the lessons of thirteen years. We must put our new wine into new bottles, having little faith in either party.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

AT the beginning of the war, when Simon Cameron visited Sherman at Louisville, for the purpose of discovering what he could possibly want in his furious dispatches to the Government, asking for troops, that General demanded that he should be supplied with 200,000 men. The authorities declared that he was insane. Even Greeley, who had genius himself, could never understand the remarkable foresight of the great soldier. So near did Sherman come to being driven out of the army altogether, so persistently did Cameron misrepresent him to Lincoln, that when Mrs. Sherman, a very remarkable lady (daughter of Tom Ewing), visited Washington in order to set her husband right, Lincoln declared he could give no heed to the madman. It is due to Lincoln, however, to say of him that when he read Sherman's original dispatches, he had the genius to discover the soldier's great qualities. Nor should it be forgotten that the bluest feather in General Grant's hat is his appreciation of, and devotion to, Sherman. From Shiloh to the negotiations with Jo Johnston,—indeed from Elista to 1874.—Grant has honorably regarded the merits of his brilliant companion in arms.

The war developed few men of genius who sustained their reputations therefor; and at their head stands William Tecumseh Sherman. Grant's military qualities were too solid for those of genius; it was Sherman who had that poetic fervor of temperament which gives its possessor an insight through the gates of the vast future. So little of a madman was he, that time justifies his demand for 200,000 troops, by recording that the number of men enlisted in the Union service during the war was 2,693,523 and that the number who died was 275,000. Sherman's own estimate of himself was given to an admirer who praised him for his brilliant military maneuvers, and to whom he frankly replied: "Oh, yes, Thomas and I are good enough when we get started, but we need a wheel-horse like Grant." Ingenious, but never an egotist, Sherman thoroughly understands himself. During the war, he experienced, with many generals, the rebuke of being superseded in command; but he had the greatness to acquiesce; he never petulantly resigned; and the morning after his supercession found him fighting, under his superior, more brilliantly, perhaps more madly, than ever.

The most exciting picture of the war, not excepting Hooker at Lookout Mountain, nor Sheridan's ride from Winchester, is that of Sherman, cutting loose from all bases of operation, gathering his troops about him, and starting on that memorable march to the sea. For that alone he would evermore have the sentimental regard of his countrymen. But it is his personal character that has sustained him in the affection of the people. We like to regard him very much as we regard Thackeray's Colonel Tom Newcome, and we never hear our soldier spoken of as "Cump" Sherman, but we recollect the artless campaign of "Old Tom," and see cynical Thackeray bursting into tears, as he dictates to his daughter the dying "adsum" of the good old man at Greyfriars. The comparison between Sherman and Newcome was apparent last Winter, when the newspaper correspondents told how the General loved to go to the Washington circus and hold little children between his knees while the donkeys kicked their heels in the air. He was popular among the babies,

and, perhaps, he is the most popular man among all classes in America today. We have so few men of sentiment and of genius that we cannot let this queer old soldier go. How quickly, after the delirium of the hour in which Lincoln was shot, we excused the honest, unauthorized, and not essentially unwise agreement with Jo Johnston for the surrender of a beaten army and for the restoration of the South!

We are not in the habit of seriously regarding the chances of men who are spoken of for the Presidency in 1877; but it seems to us that no man is so likely to be nominated and elected as General Sherman. True, McClellan, Hancock, Butler, Colfax, Adams, and many others, were once thought to be inevitably nominated, and were afterwards not dreamed of; and we do not forget that the popular mind was seriously exercised over the fact that General Meade might not be eligible because he was born, the child of an American diplomat, in Spain. But General Sherman's reputation lives and increases through all phases of change. He is a representative American, a sort of toned-down military Lincoln. His manners are ungainly and simple, and he is not mercenary or mean. Although on more than one occasion he has presumed that the commander of soldiers was everything and that the civil authority was, for the moment, nothing—although he has said and done that which in a man like Butler would have been put down as demagogism, and in Grant have been considered to threaten Cesarism, yet he has never suffered in the sentiment of the people. No one thinks of him as being a Democrat, a Republican, or an Independent; but somehow it irreverently occurs to men's minds that he is "one of your good old fellows." The *elite* consider him unassuming; the crowd says that he "never puts on lugs." Whether, if he were nominated for the Presidency, he would write absurd letters, as Taylor did, or befool himself about "the sweet Irish brogue," as Scott did, remains to be seen. He has always shown great common sense and modesty, and we think he would display no absurd anxiety about his election. Nor is it possible to speculate now about the measures which he would advocate if he were elected President. He would be either very ridiculous or very glorious. The old soldier has wit, as he has shown in many after-dinner speeches; he has culture; he has original, striking, and by no means impracticable, political ideas; he was President of a San Francisco bank for four years; and he showed, both at Atlanta and at Savannah, that he could govern a town as well as Butler could, although no credulous Parton has ever put him into a book. We know how great-minded he is, how he was ever anxious to give McPherson credit for genius and good work, when he might have kept the honors for himself. We know that in his negotiations with Johnston he offered to do what the country was not able to do in the next ten years. It really seems to us that his chances for the Presidency are greater than those of any other man, simply because they are incalculable; and adding to them the fact that if he were to leave the Generalship of the Army, and that if the military service rules did not apply to Sheridan, the old post might be given back to Grant, we do not see what could prevent Sherman from being President in 1877.

THE AMERICAN NOVELIST.

THERE is no gentleman living, perhaps none yet unborn, whom the American critic would professedly be more happy to see reveal himself in public than the American novelist. So far as we are able to gather the drift of public opinion in the matter, those who have heretofore assumed that rôle have, to a considerable extent, failed. Not that Hawthorne failed. No one will deny that his genius was subtle, powerful, unique; if it was not American in the sense we apply the word to our supposed novelist, it was not English or French, or of any other foreign name or nature. But it was not representatively American. As for the others, they are a melancholy list. The Elsie Venners, the Norwoods, the Cecil Dreemes, and Trumps, and the Morgessons, and the pale, awkward canvases of Bayard Taylor, whose names even we have happily forgotten—how evanescent their fame has been, and how justly so, since they have not anywhere presented an adequate or complete account of our national characteristics. Of shorter tales, we have had many excellent ones—some that have seldom been equaled in any modern language. Not to mention his predecessors, take the last of this class, Mr. Howells. He has shown a freshness and originality of thought, a subtle penetration in observing, a wealth and delicacy of fancy, a purity and breadth of sentiment, a masterly repose of style, and, above all, an unmistakable tone and flavor of his own, that are all invaluable. But Mr. Howells has not, as yet, consented to test his powers on a broad field. Perhaps he may never do so. His admirers may well desire that he should; but if they have understood his best of all qualities, his rare good judgment, they will trust the decision to him. Meanwhile, we are without any novelist whom, in the broadest sense, we can call American; that is, who has presented to the world a clear picture in permanent colors of the controlling elements in American society.

Perhaps our critics err in expecting any such distinguished arrival at this stage of our national existence. Our own impression is that they do. It is quite capable of argument that our American society is yet too changing and unstable, that there are too many conflicting elements and too few controlling ones, that our sentiments are not yet profoundly enough established nor our ideas sufficiently developed and defined, to admit of a lifelike picture in permanent colors. Doubtless if a great genius were to be born to America capable of seizing and presenting in fresh forms those traits of human nature which are not American but are universal, we should claim great credit for our country, but we should still lack the writers that critics are in search of. It is not easy to define the distinguishing features of a national novelist. But it is easy enough to recognize them. Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot belong to the class. They are very unlike, but they have this in common, that their most striking characters are English. Dickens and Thackeray were antipodes. Dickens—whose imagination ran riot; who swam with a full torrent of feeling; whose tears were streaming and his laughter explosive; who exaggerated all things, his tragedy as much as his comedy; and who was always, under all disguises, Dickens—how little he was like Thackeray with his patient elaboration, his dignity, his purity, his courtesy, his self-control, his biting but bland sarcasm, his undertone of profound sadness, his principles and habits and manners, in thought and speech, of the gentleman born and bred. Yet they were both thoroughly English; and though the selections they made and the way they treated them were so different, their common field of observation was English life. Nor is George Eliot, so different from each, so superior in some things to both, less entirely national. Thackeray saw the good characters and the evil in life, but he never so understood the commingling of the two in the same nature; he never sounded so deeply the weakness of the strong, the strength of the weak; we doubt if he analyzed with acute perception the conflicting natures that wage their unceasing warfare in the petty affairs of our lives as does George Eliot. Least of all did he perceive with such curious insight the universal irony of life, the jests which circumstances play with our strongest purposes, the absolute difference (not necessarily involving falseness) between what we are and what we appear to be. He painted society. George Eliot paints the human heart. A sorry picture each one makes, and one that should bid us be charitable, if a mirror of our life can make us so. What is to be noted here is, that both pictures are unmistakably English. Both abound in local color, and idealize them as we will—and do—we cannot get rid of.

And it is precisely this that we have not yet had in our American novelists. When it will come, who shall say? As we have already pointed out, it is our own impression that we are in too much haste about it. A perfect fruit is not the birth of one generation of trees. A great many conditions attach to the production of a great artist of the novelist class. Not the least of them is the inherited habits of thought and action, modified from father to son, and from one era to another, which, in his own mind, are the springs of vigorous and of completed power, and in those around him furnish the well-defined material for his observation and portrayal. The last half generation of our history has done a great deal to develop the character of our people. When other events, and enough of them, have occurred to make that character salient and recognizable, we shall doubtless be provided with an artist to embody it.

BENEFICENT BARBARISM.

DELAWARE has just been rehearsing the popular ceremony of the public whipping of criminals. That it is a popular ceremony we are easily convinced by the fact that when a public whipping is announced the beauty and fashion of the State, or at all events the men and women in the vicinity of the county town in which the whipping-post is erected, flock together to grace the ceremony with their presence. It does not occur to the ordinary mind that there is any very wild delight to be drawn from the spectacle of an unfortunate man undergoing the punishment of the lash. Delaware, however, judges otherwise, and the State which has continued with such unswerving faithfulness to send successive generations of Saulsburys and Bayards to the Senate, boasts also the additional distinction of being the only State that has retained the ancient custom of flogging criminals.

Of course it is exceedingly brutal to tie a man up and lash him on the naked back. Public sentiment has pretty well decided that the practice is a relic of barbarism, and the criminal classes especially are fully convinced that the whipping-post of Delaware is a blot on the fair fame of the Great Republic. But it cannot be denied that the State which whips criminals has the fewest men within her borders who deserve whipping. Persons about to steal, or to commit brutal assaults, are entirely clear that it would be a mistake of judgment to indulge in those pleasures within the jurisdiction of Delaware. The twin facts

that Delaware whips thieves and ruffians, and that thefts and assaults are less frequent in that than in any other State, in proportion to its population, cannot easily be refuted by any unprejudiced man. While the brutality of whipping may be conceded, it does not necessarily follow that this and the other American States—always excepting Delaware—have done well to abolish it. We abolished flogging in the merchant navy by Act of Congress, and the direct result has been the increase of brutal conduct on the part of officers, and the moral deterioration of seamen. Formerly, when flogging was permitted, the captain was the only officer by whose orders it could be inflicted, and the circumstances in which he could issue such orders were strictly defined. When flogging was abolished, the officers were left without any sufficient means to enforce immediate obedience to their orders. A disobedient sailor could be put in irons; but inasmuch as the wearing of irons prevents a man from working, the punishment had no terrors for lazy men. As instant obedience on the part of the men is the condition of safety at sea, and as flogging could no longer be held in terror over mutinous sailors, it followed that the officers were compelled to substitute illegal blows with the fist or the belaying pin for the punishment which had formerly been sufficient to preserve discipline. The system of brutal and illegal beating of sailors, especially by subordinate officers, came into vogue after and in consequence of the abolition of flogging. The demoralization of officers and men rapidly followed, and the present wretched condition of the *personnel* of our merchant-marine is due to the fact that in the absence of any legal power to enforce discipline officers have been compelled to resort to means that are illegal and far more brutal than the old-fashioned public flogging at the gangway.

We mention this, not by way of asserting that flogging is a blessing greatly to be desired, but as an evidence that its abolition has not in all instances been the perfection of human wisdom. It is impossible to deny its brutality, but it is possible to deny that because it is brutal it is therefore never to be employed. It is decidedly more brutal to deliberately choke a man to death with a noose about his neck than it is to flog him; and yet the constant brutality of the death penalty is not a sufficient argument for its abolition. We have to do with a world in which it is impossible always to consult the prejudices and preferences of criminals. What is necessary is to convince them of the folly of law-breaking, and if the gallows and whipping-post do this more effectually than the solitary cell and the prison-workshop, we cannot make a mistake if we adopt those persuasive measures. London has found that the revival of the punishment of flogging for garroting and other specified crimes has had the desired effect of very greatly reducing the frequency with which they are committed. If it were certain that by reviving the same punishment here we could put a stop to brutal assaults, wife-beating, and cowardly insults to women, it would not be a sufficient answer to such proposed revival to assert the obvious fact that the practice is a brutal one.

Delaware is a very small State, whose vote is of little consequence, and whose inhabitants do not subscribe very largely to the great newspapers of the East and West. It is therefore always open to the press to proclaim upon the barbarisms of a State that has not abolished the whipping-post. But the people of Delaware may answer that they have preferred nearly to abolish a class of crimes which are matters of everyday occurrence elsewhere. Perhaps the little State has been wiser than her greater neighbors, and may yet teach them a useful lesson in criminal legislation.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

KATE FIELD is dramatizing Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

TAINE has a work forthcoming on the French Revolution.

CONGRESSMAN GARFIELD promises to lead a crusade of investigation in the House.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY is not centralizing as much as it was. Rather, it seems to be dispersing.

NEXT MONDAY, William Walter Phelps will move to suspend the House rules, and will offer a resolution to repeal the Poland Press Gag Law.

FRANK LESLIE's has a woodcut of William Cullen Bryant's hair and whiskers, but we'd rather see the old poet's face.—*Detroit Free Press*. Well, we ain't his barber, are we?

ROCKS AHEAD from which Mr. Greg warns off the British people in their ship of state are: 1. The political supremacy of the lower classes. 2. The approaching industrial decline of England. 3. The divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion.

AN ATTACHE of this paper, walking up Broadway on Saturday morning, was thus addressed by an Ulster overcoat: "Beg your pardon, you know, but where's the *Times* office, you know?" Could the duffer have meant—you know—that he would be political editor within three weeks?

THE OTHER DAY a boy about eight years old called at a house in the northern part of Detroit, and asked a lady for ten cents, saying he was the sole support of his mother. She reached after her purse, and inquired: "How old is your mother?" "She's seventy years old," promptly replied the lad, and he wondered what made the lady hustle him out without giving him any money.

OF BANCROFT'S HISTORY, the foremost literary critic in England says: "Its main defect is the author's somewhat ponderous style. In spite of all the outbursts of fine writing there is not a single impressive picture in the book. It is more likely to be found on the shelves of libraries than in the hands of readers."

EX-GOVERNOR RANDOLPH has the first chances for succeeding Hon. John P. Stockton as United States Senator from New Jersey. Although Mr. Randolph must be ranked among the "commercial men," because he is engaged in the railroad business, and is a "capitalist," yet he has displayed qualities of statesmanship which would be very valuable in the Senate. He is not a great speaker, but he is a good thinker.

HON. CHARLES H. HARDIN, the Governor-elect of Missouri, is evidently not a very learned man, but he has recently expressed some very sensible, though homely opinions. "The State Government," he says, "ought to be run upon the best economical dollar." "I shall look at each applicant's qualifications personally. Anybody can get 10,000 signatures to a petition." "When you place a party in power that will reduce expenses, then the tariff and internal revenue taxes will be reduced."

MR. JOHN G. SHEA, than whom there is no greater authority among American archeologists, has revived his "Library of American Linguistics," the present number being a "Grammar and Dictionary of the Language of Hidatsa," and of a sort of people whose descendants in small numbers now live near Fort Berthold, Dakota Territory. The book edited by Dr. Washington Matthews, but it is due to Dr. Shea to say of him that no other living American is so well qualified to speak of our continental antiquities.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE thus comments: "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY says that Senator Morton has come out to California for the purpose of conferring with Governor Booth on the future of the Independent Party. We doubt the accuracy of the information. Morton doesn't believe that the Independent Party has any future, and though he may have a very good opinion of Governor Booth, he has so much higher an opinion of himself that it is by no means probable that he would make the overland trip in order to edify himself with that gentleman's views on the political situation."

SENATOR STEPHEN W. DORSEY of Arkansas is alarmed because the present Arkansas Legislature promises to discover in the records of the Legislature of 1872 whether Mr. Dorsey was or was not legally elected to his seat in Congress. Mr. Dorsey is a friend of General Grant, under whom he served in war, and of Powell Clayton, under whom he now serves in the politics of Arkansas. As Senator Clayton recently said that it was necessary for him to rule with an iron hand in that State, perhaps it will be found that Dorsey was the cat's paw, and Clayton the monkey who actually received the chestnuts.

MR. BERGH has just achieved a great humanitarian triumph. For a long time he has been trying to discourage stage-drivers from abusing horses; but, while he has been usually successful, the drivers subject to the will of their employers have been compelled to make time, and have had sick horses forced upon them. So Mr. Bergh valiantly applied his strength to the tap-root of the difficulty, and prosecuted the owners of one of the prominent lines. The result was judgment in his favor, and the punishment of the employers. He now has a wide field of operations, and he will doubtless use every effort to compel owners to be at least decent with their beasts.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON is responsible for the statement that a short time before Mr. Greeley's death she said to her that he intended to bring the *Tribune* back to the Republican Party, acknowledged that he had been misled, and that the balance of his life should be devoted to repairing the mischief he had wrought. We have heard this rumor several times before to-day, but it bears an air of improbability. If Mr. Greeley were now living he would not be willing to endorse the Republican Party in all its measures. He would make the *Tribune* Republican in spirit, but not according to the Republicanism of Butler, Shepherd, Williams, and Kellogg. That is, he would make the paper independent.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE once said, in the old college days, to one who is now a newspaper correspondent, that his father had advised him to try to earn his honest living in any way, rather than be an author.

Julian has a massive, broad-shouldered form, with limbs like small Doric columns, and a head large as Franklin's or Webster's surmounting it, with sharply chiseled lines and a white forehead that tells of the hard-worked scholar and writer. The *Nation*, he says, is opposed to originality and novelty of every sort, "wishes to have the universe pruned down and regulated pretty much to its own pattern," and its opinion of his recent novel he is not surprised at. Bacon and Shakespeare he considers the same person, and that one, of course, Bacon.

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE that Canada is envious of the United States in the matter of Indian troubles? There is certainly an intimation of such feeling, if a recent telegram spoke the truth. It appears that the Dominion Parliament has effected a treaty with those Indians occupying the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine basins, by which a tract of about 50,000 square miles will be thrown open to the cultivation of wheat. In return the Indians will receive guns and ammunition—with which to shoot every settler—money in small sums, and a lot of moth-eaten army clothing. Now, appoint an Indian commissioner, organize a bureau to make legal the sale of sulphuric acid and fusil oil, get out your Quaker philanthropists, and in a few years, under these civilizing influences, you will obtain an equal to the Modoc massacre.

THE RECENT SALE of a controlling interest in the Chicago *Tribune* at the valuation of \$1,000,000, which makes the market value of the stock 500 per

cent., affords another conspicuous illustration of the truth of the assertion that there is no property so valuable as a good newspaper property. Even at the valuation of \$1,000,000, despite its lavish outlays for news, particularly in the telegraphic department, and notwithstanding the fact that all its stockholders draw salaries, the *Tribune* has, for several years past, paid its shareholders 15 per cent., or \$150,000 a year. Nor is this an excessive rate of profit from a journalistic investment. How many men would gladly venture \$100,000 or more in a mining company which, at best, could not be expected to pay more than eight or ten per cent., with a very strong probability of loss?

THE EXCLUSIVENESS of consecrated ground has been rather unpleasantly disturbed in Montreal. A printer, Guibard by name, died, and because he was a member of the Canadian Institute, a society that had been excommunicated by the Pope, interment was refused in the consecrated part of the Catholic cemetery. His friends invoked the aid of the law. In the Canadian Court the position of the clergyman was ratified. An appeal was then made to the Privy Council, asking the privilege as a merely civil right, and a cable message last week ordered the burial in the holy ground. Considering the great army of secret-society men in this country, all of whom holding fellowship in the Catholic Church are deprived of the post-mortem privileges of consecrated ground, this decision of the highest legal body of Great Britain is one of vast importance.

MRS. FRED is hardly a pretty woman, though her eyes are superb, her smile very winning, and her expression intelligent. She is a trifle below the medium height, dark and slender. Her manners are perfectly charming, and the complete ease and cordiality with which she greeted every one at the recent reception was far more delightful than any personal beauty could possibly be. She wore her wedding-dress of white satin drawn back so closely over the hips that it was a wonder how she moved, and ending in a fan-shaped train. The waist was surplice and the sleeves long. Over this, from the ruffle around her neck to the hem of her train, was an overdress of point-lace, the gift of her sister, wife of Potter Palmer, the Chicago millionaire; nothing in that style could surpass it. Her jewels were pearls and diamonds, and her hair she wore parted on one side and twisted in a large, dark, lustrous coil at the back of her head. The richness of her toilet was the admiration of the women—it's simplicity, of the men.

THE NEGROES OF GEORGIA own \$6,157,792 worth of property. This property is pretty equally divided among the whole race. There is no one who is especially rich, and each one who holds property at all owns about \$300 to \$1,000 worth. The richest negro in the State is Courtney W. Beall, of Athens, who pays taxes on \$10,805 worth of property. From this amount they run down to nothing. The property is scattered through all parts of the State, the negro showing an unexpected predilection for city property. The wealth aggregates nearly seven millions of dollars, not held by a few shrewd and grasping men, but distributed evenly through thousands of hands. Fully half the property in Georgia is owned by negro women. Every negro in Savannah who owns over \$5,000 worth of property is a woman: so pretty much through all the cities. The negro women own probably two-thirds of the property owned by negroes in Georgia. In the list of those who own over \$5,000 worth of property, there appears not the name of a single radical politician.

ANOTHER CRUSADE against the Indians is threatened. An effort is about being made to hold a great meeting in New York, within the next fortnight, to raise funds and moral sympathy to waft a delegation of women and a few men into the Indian Territory, where many tribes are now said to be in council. Don Quixote went about "righting wrongs and redressing grievances." This delegation will first present the Indians with an address replete with regrets for the annoyances they have suffered in the past. If this is swallowed, it will offer to cooperate with them in devising the best measures for an equitable adjustment of all existing difficulties. And next, if the Indians do not lift the hair of the delegation, it will establish a peace policy based upon justice that can abide unbroken for ever. For this unequalled humanitarian scheme contributions of one cent and upwards are asked. Clergymen and editors have been requested to note the enterprise. We have done so.

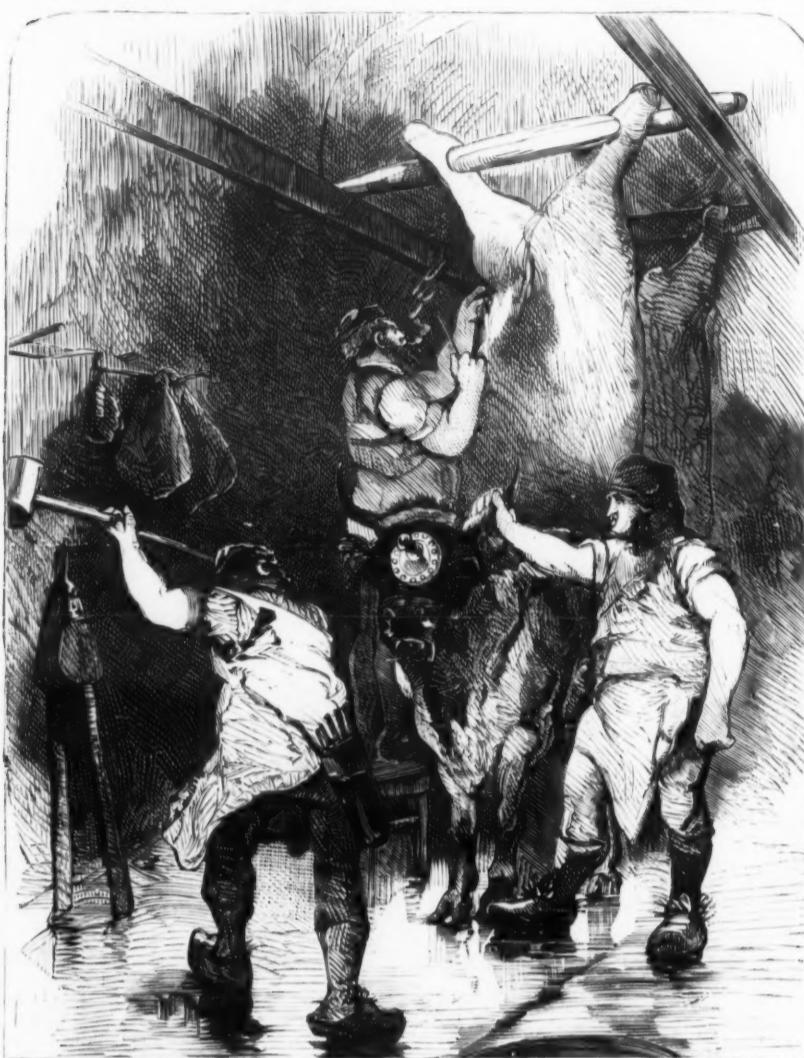
GEORGIA CONGRESSMEN.—The Kennesaw Route *Gazette* is the name of a paper down in Georgia that publishes the following: "It is estimated that the combined weight of the entire nine members of Congress just elected in Georgia will not amount to 1,000 pounds avoirdupois. And it is further said by competent parties that the entire delegation as a whole, with one or two exceptions, is the scrawniest and hardest-favored set of Congressmen that ever were elected from one State. But the beauty comes in where it is most needed, and where it will do most good, and that is the gross amount of brains belonging to this tea-party. There is Mr. Hartridge from the First, a good man, lots of sense, but rather ugly. Mr. Smith is a little better-looking than Hartridge, while Gen. Cook is passable only; he weighs pretty well. Col. Blount is a neat, dandy little fellow, and sharp as a brier. Harris is tolerably hard-featured and small. Candler, oh, my! He and Alec. Stephens put together wouldn't make a respectable shadow, and are both as ugly as a Digger Indian. McMillian has a Klukluk mold, and weighs about ninety pounds. Felton is a good-sized man, but will never die with beauty. Altogether, they are the ugliest and smartest set any State will have in Congress."

MR. JOHN R. DENNETT, one of the editors of the *Nation*, died, at the age of thirty-seven, last week. He was a fine critic of literature and of society; but the obituarists of some of the newspapers made him the text for some invidious remarks. It appears that Mr. Dennett was opposed to that sort of

untrained and reckless publicists of whom Mr. Greeley was a type. But, for all that, we hold that men like Greeley are of more use to their generation than men like Mr. Dennett. To be sure, Mr. Dennett, in the severity of his judgment, spoke cynically of our "chromo-civilization," and thereby said a very bright thing. But he could not show up sham in detail, as Greeley could, nor puncture social bubbles every day of his life, as Bennett did. And, though men like Dennett know everything to a hair, was Greeley of less use to his people because in one of those early *Tribunes* he spoke of a work on algebra as a book which he had no qualifications to criticize? Clay, who confessed the weakness of his rhetoric, was a greater advocate of Protection than Carey was, and William Cobbett was more useful to the English people than St. Beuve was to the French. Nicholas Biddle was a finely educated man, a florid quoter of nice Latin, but he could bear no comparison for wisdom with Jackson, with his saying: "The Biddies are a proud race, and Nich. would never have gone down on his knees to me if his bank had been safe." Mr. Dennett was a good man; he had his place on the *Nation*, and kept it; but Greeley's place and Clay's place and Cobbett's place should not, therefore, have been vacant. Christ's dispute with the doctors was not necessarily weak because he was untrained, and had only genius. We think it is Mr. Godkin, chief of the *Nation*, who is quoted as criticizing Watterson for making the *Courier-Journal* slangy and sensational, and to whom Watterson replied that the *Courier-Journal* is to the Southwest what the *Nation* is to New York. Watterson was right: the hair-splitters are useful, and so are the Casabons; but the first rule of journalism is the first rule of Benthamism—the greatest good of the greatest number.

BUCKLE died without finishing his immense work on Civilization. It has been grievous to callow political philosophers, who have been deceived by Buckle's loud appearance of profundity, that he never finished that portion of his work which relates to America. But, we think, Buckle's opinion of America was casually expressed in many places throughout his various writings, and any industrious reader of books of travel, by following Buckle's interesting, but not really profound, method of investigation and speculation, may frame just such a volume on America as the English writer purposed to make. We have been at some pains to gather his opinions from the various sources of information, and in brief they seem to be these: In America, we see a civilization precisely the reverse of that which exists in Germany. We see a country, of which it has been truly said, that in no other are there so few men of great learning and so few men of great ignorance. In Germany, the speculative classes and the practical classes are altogether disunited. In America they are altogether fused. In Germany, nearly every year brings forward new discoveries, new philosophers, new means by which the boundaries of knowledge are to be enlarged. In America such inquiries are almost entirely neglected. Since the time of Jonathan Edwards no great metaphysician has appeared; little attention has been paid to physical science; and with the single exception of jurisprudence, scarcely anything has been done for those vast subjects on which the Germans are incessantly laboring. The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is spread through all classes. The stock of German knowledge is immense, but it is confined to one class. Which of these two forms of civilization is the more advantageous, is a question we are not now called upon to decide. It is enough for our present purpose that in Germany there is a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge; and, in America, a no less serious one in its accumulation. And as civilization is regulated by the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, it is evident that no country can ever approach to a complete and perfect pattern, if, cultivating one of these conditions to an excess, it neglects the cultivation of the other. Indeed, from this want of balance and equilibrium between the two elements of civilization, there have arisen in America and in Germany those great but opposite evils, which, it is to be feared, will not be easily remedied; and which, until remedied, will certainly retard the progress of both countries, notwithstanding the temporary advances which such one-sided energy does for the moment always procure. Hume has observed that republics are more favorable to science, monachies to art. The United States seem unkind to the latter. Mr. Mill finally says that it is more important in a democracy than in any other form of government to restrain the power of public opinion, because its tendency is to destroy originality and independence of thought. The comparative advantages of democracy and monarchy are stated by Blackstone with more fairness than one could have expected. Lord Brougham seems to deny the common idea that republics are warlike. Allison finds fault with the Americans that they have "no sort of attachment, either to the land which they have cultivated, or which they have inherited from their fathers." The fault of the Americans is the opposite of the French. Hence we find that their only original works have been on jurisprudence. On the intellectual independence natural to the democratic mind, see "Wahrheit und Dichtung" in Goethe's works. The Americans have more newspapers than all Europe put together, but the style is wretched. The United States are unhealthy; and, little attention being paid to improving their towns, the Americans are short-lived; hence the prevalence of young men with violent passions. Comte well says that the reason why Slave States, as Virginia, have produced great politicians, is because ability being never turned into manufactures, trade, etc., has no vent but in politics. Lord Brougham says: "The never-ceasing state of party agitation, there being no office from the highest to the lowest, from president to penny-postman which may not be changed at each renewal of that high functionary's term." This must educate the people in the art of organization.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 227.



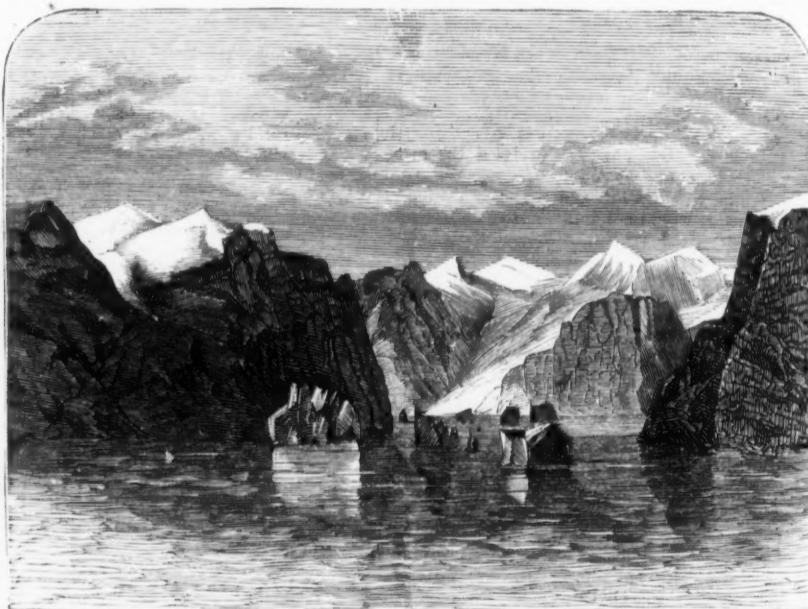
FRANCE.—NEW SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING DEEVEES AT THE ABATTOIR OF LA VILLETTTE.



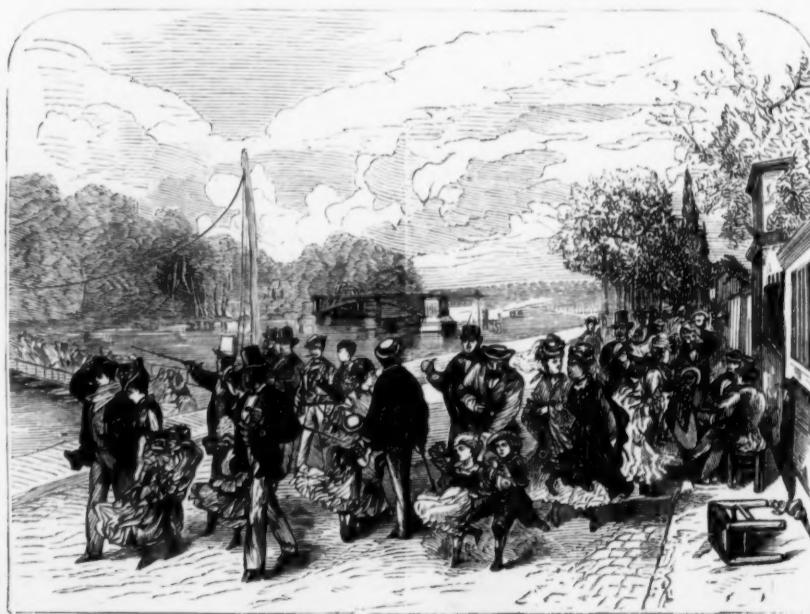
INDIA.—NANA SAHIB, DIRECTOR OF THE MASSACRE OF ENGLISH AT CAWPORE IN 1857, AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN RECENTLY CAPTURED.



HUNGARY.—PESTH—A RESTAURANT SCENE AT NOON—SERVIAN TAMBOURA-PLAYERS.



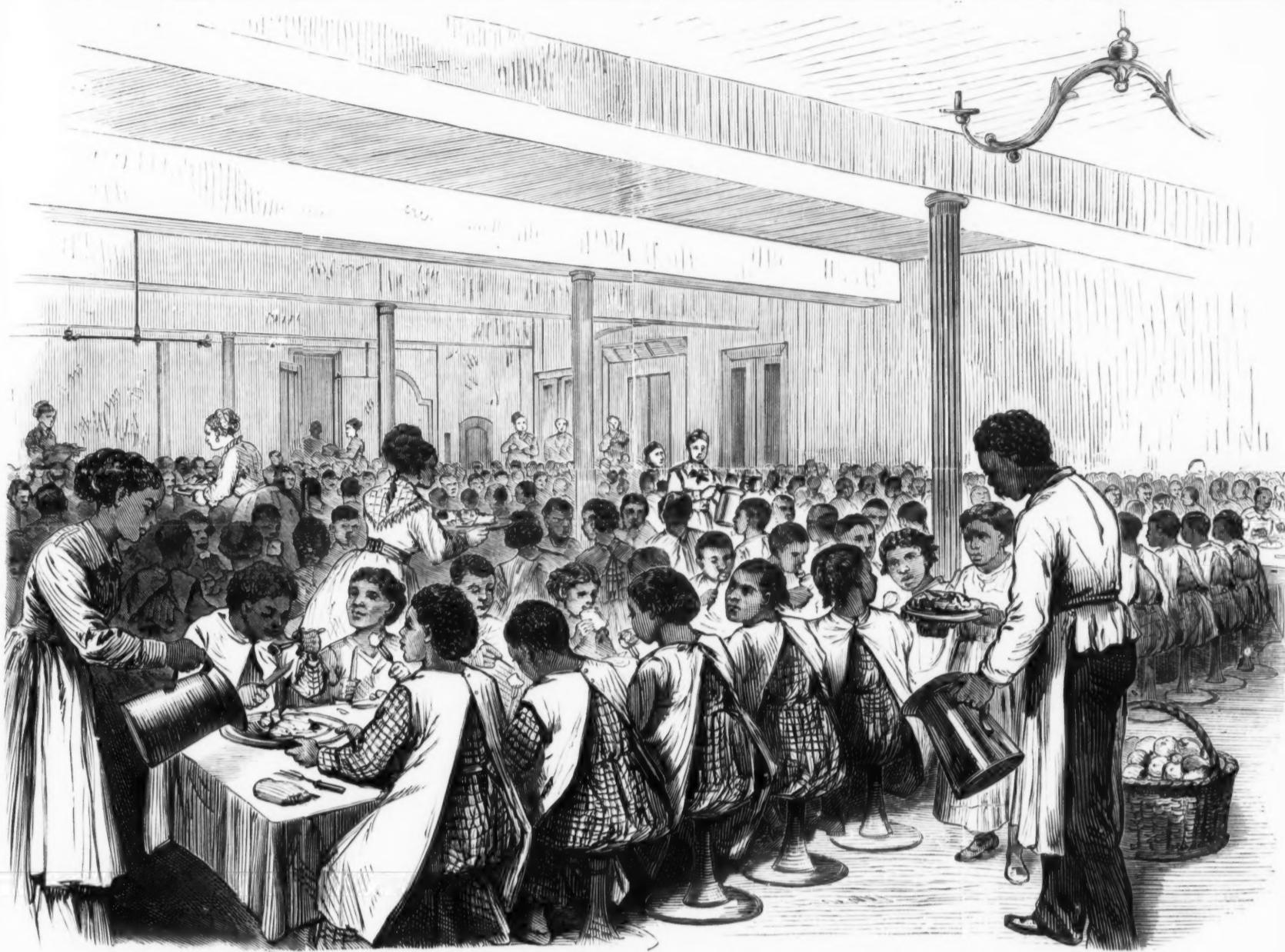
GREENLAND.—THE SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE—THE LAST ANCHORAGE OF THE "GERMANY" AT FRANCIS-JOSEPH FIORD, ON THE EAST COAST OF GREENLAND.



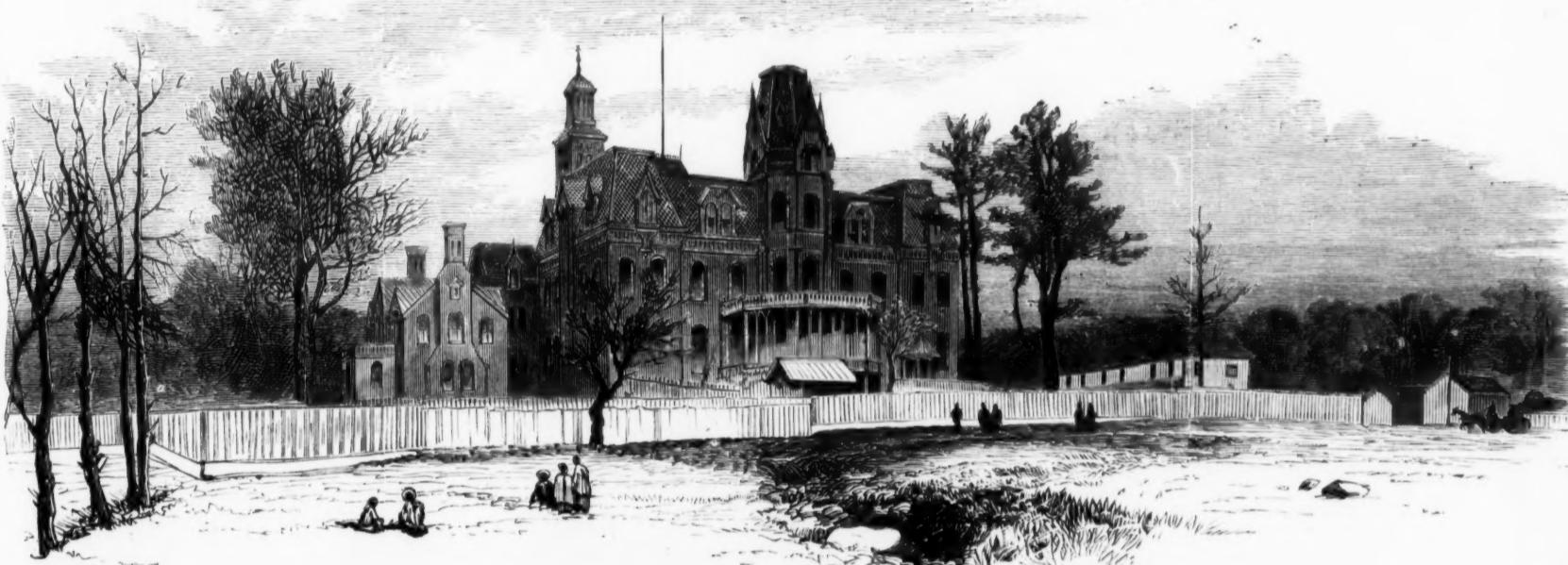
PARIS.—THE SUBURBS—THE NEW BRIDGE AT GURESNES, ON THE DAY OF THE LONGCHAMPS RACES.



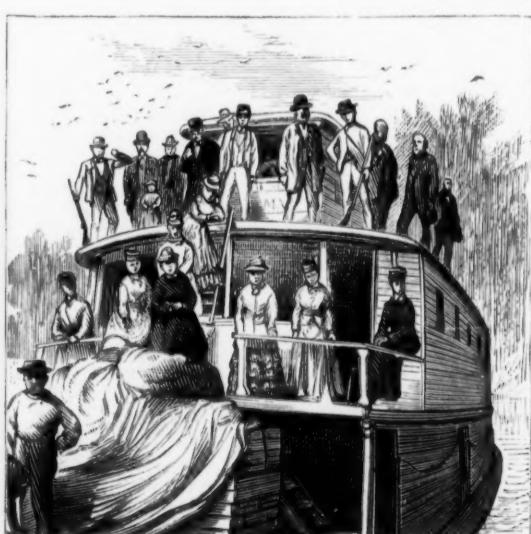
IRELAND.—CAPTAIN PAUL BOYNTON EXHIBITING HIS SWIMMING APPARATUS IN CORK HARBOR.



NEW YORK CITY.—THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, BOULEVARD AND ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD STREET.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM, BOULEVARD AND ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD STREET.—SEE PAGE 227.



ON THE OCKLAWAHIA RIVER—APPROACHING SILVER SPRINGS.



MANDARIN—RESIDENCE OF MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FLORIDA SCENES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY & CO.—SEE PAGE 227.



ORANGE-TREE ON THE PLANTATION OF MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THE LETTER.

BY

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

I READ it by the sea, love,
When the birds, with snowy bosoms,
Fly merrily o'er the sky;
And the spirit you touched glowed warmer
To the ships on the sunny sea;
And caroled the wild birds sweeter
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the dale, love,
In the midst of a Summer dream;
When your voice seemed strangely mingled
With the sweet, melodious stream;
And the far-off children's laughter,
And the sound of the maiden's glee,
Did seem to my heart the purer
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the eve, love,
When the meadows and woods were still,
When the murmuring sea broke softer,
And the mist slept calm on the hill;
When the nightingale sang 'mid the tassels
Of the bright laburnum-tree,
And his song to my heart was dearer
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I've kept it in my heart, love,
As a jewel within a shrine;
And it fills my life with the beauty
Of a love that is half divine;
And oft, in the midst of its presence,
I dare not think what would be
Were my soul to be sundered for ever
From the thoughts you have sent to me.

AT THE

Sign of the Silver Flagon

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

*Author of "Grif," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Trim,"**"Golden Grain," etc.*

PART THE SECOND.

THIS END OF THE WORLD.

XI.

MARGARET PEEPS INTO BLUEBEARD'S ROOM.

THANKS to Margaret's tact, everything went on smoothly for a little while. No person but herself knew how hard she worked during this time. She was for ever on the alert, and she managed so skillfully that Mr. Weston did not even suspect that Gerald and Lucy were lovers. These young persons would have betrayed themselves a dozen times a day to Gerald's father had it not been for Margaret's vigilance; she took the old gentleman in hand, as she termed it, and entertained him so admirably that he found real pleasure in her society. She afterwards declared that she had never played so difficult a part, and had never played any part half so well. But Margaret, as we know, had a great idea of her own capacities. With womanly tact and cunning, she sounded the old gentleman to the very bottom of his nature, and she was compelled to admit to herself that there was not the slightest probability of his ever voluntarily giving his consent to Gerald's union with a girl who had neither wealth nor position. He had set his mind upon a certain worldly career for his son, and he was not to be diverted from it by sentimental feelings. Gerald was to marry money, was to enter Parliament, and make a name in society. That was the ambition to which Gerald was to devote himself. The old gentleman respected nothing but position; he felt a glow of pride when people touched their hats to him in the street, and without a suspicion that this mark of outward respect was paid to his wealth and not to himself, he was convinced that it was worth living for and worth working for. But notwithstanding that he was emphatically a purse-proud man, and that when he sat upon the bench as a magistrate his bosom swelled with false pride, he had one estimable quality which better men than he often do not possess. He was a man of his word, and had never been known to depart from it. What he pledged himself to, he performed. His promise was better than many another man's bond. Now, this would cut both ways, as Margaret knew, and it was with dismay she thought that if the old gentleman once refused in plain words to sanction an engagement between Gerald and Lucy, it would take a greater power than she imagined she could ever possess to induce him to revoke his decision. If, on the other hand, she could manage, insidiously or by straightforward dealing, to induce him to sanction such an engagement, she believed she could compel him to stand by his word. But she saw no way to arrive at so desirable a consummation. Every day she confessed to herself that her task was becoming more difficult. The fortnight during which she had exacted a promise from Lucy's father to keep his lips sealed on the subject of the love between Gerald and Lucy was fast drawing to a close, but no one but herself knew that a storm was approaching which would bring a deathless grief to those she loved. She knew that she could obtain no assistance, even in the shape of advice, from any of the friends around her. Mr. Hunter was too trustful of his friend; he would listen to nothing against him. Lucy was too simple; Gerald was too rash and sanguine. These reflections were perplexing her as she stood before the glass one morning, doing her hair, and when she came to the end of them, she frowned and stamped her foot. "The fact is, my dear," she said, nodding her head violently to herself in the glass, "all these people are too guileless and innocent to be of the slightest use to you. You are the only wicked one among them." And then she thought she would go and consult her mother's old love, Mr. Lewis Nathan, the clothes-seller. But she was too frightened to leave the house with Mr. Weston in it, and no watch-dog over him. Fortune befriended her, however, for over the breakfast-table Mr. Weston mentioned that business would take him away from them until the evening. Margaret's eyes sparkled.

"We shall be quite dull without you," she said. She had so ingratiated herself into the old gentleman's good graces that he really believed her, and he gravely answered that he would be sure to be back by a certain hour. Little did he suspect that he was nourishing a serpent in his bosom. Margaret saw him safely off, and then, telling Lucy that she had business in town, put on her hat and shawl.

"What business, Maggy?" asked Lucy.

"I am going shopping," replied Margaret, with a face of most unblushing innocence. "Oh, I'll come with you!" cried Lucy, eagerly. (I take the opportunity of parenthetically stating my belief that women like "shopping" even better than love-making.)

"I don't want you, my pet," said Margaret, demurely; "I am going to meet my beau, and two is company, you know."

Away she packed to Mr. Lewis Nathan, who welcomed her right gladly.

"I was afraid I was going to lose you, my dear," he said; "I thought you had forgotten me."

"I never forget a friend," replied Margaret; "I am like my poor mother, Mr. Nathan. Did she ever forget you?"

She chatted about odd things for a few moments before she came to the point. She even took a customer out of Mr. Nathan's hands, and sold the man a coat and a waistcoat, for half as much again as Mr. Nathan would have obtained for them; true, she sweetened the articles with smiles and flattering words, and sent the customer away, dazed and entranced. Mr. Nathan looked on with undisguised admiration.

"What a salesman you would have made!" he exclaimed, raising his hands. "You talked to the man as though you had been born in the business, my dear—born in the business!"

"The fact is, Mr. Nathan," said Margaret, with brazen audacity, "I am a very clever woman; and besides, I am an actress, and know how to wheedle the men." She sighed pensively, and added: "But I am a fool with it all. I can sell a coat, but I can't serve my dearest friends. Oh, that I were a man, and had the brains of a man!"

With a humorous look Mr. Lewis Nathan placed his hands to his head. "Here is a man's head," said he, "and a man's brains, very much at your service, my dear."

"Come along, then!" she cried. "It is hard if you and I can't when we go into partnership. What do you say now? Shall we become partners?"

"My dear," said the old rascal, "I should like to take you as a partner for life."

"It is a good job for me," said Margaret, archly, "that you are not thirty years younger. As it is, I have almost lost my heart to you."

This incorrigible creature could no more help flirting than she could help talking—and she had a woman's tongue to do the latter.

Binding him over to secrecy, she told him the whole story; he listened attentively.

"As I was doing my hair this morning," said Margaret, in conclusion, "and looking into the glass—"

"I should like to have been behind you, my dear," interrupted Mr. Nathan.

"Be quiet, Lothario! As I looked into the glass this morning I said to myself, 'Margaret, there's only one person among your acquaintances who is clever enough to assist you; that person is Mr. Nathan.' But before I flew to you, I had a good look at the crow's feet which this trouble is bringing into my eyes. I am growing quite careworn."

"I should like to see those crow's feet."

"Well, look at them;" and she placed her face close to his.

Mr. Nathan gazed into her sparkling eyes, which flashed their brightest glances at him, and then laughed at her outright.

"You're a barbarian!" cried Margaret.

"You had better call me an unbelieving Jew at once," said Mr. Nathan, with undisguised admiration. "You're thrown away as a Christian, my dear, completely thrown away. You ought to have been one of the chosen people."

She rose, and made him a mocking courtesy. "Thank you; I am quite contented as I am. But let us be serious. Say something to the point. You have heard the story."

"It is an old story," he observed; "love against money. Here is money; here is love." He held out his two hands to represent a pair of scales, one hand considerably above the other. "See, my dear, how money weighs down love."

She rose, and made him a mocking courtesy. "Thank you; I am quite contented as I am. But let us be serious. Say something to the point. You have heard the story."

"It is an old story," he observed; "love against money. Here is money; here is love."

"Perhaps so; perhaps so; but the plot of this play is to be played out on earth, my dear, isn't it? I have seen it a hundred times on the stage, and so have you."

"And love always wins," she said, vivaciously.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Nathan, dryly, "on the stage, my dear, always. Never in real life."

"I won't have 'never'!" she cried, impetuously. "It does sometimes win, even in this sordid world. And if it never has done so before, it must win now. Why if your cunning and my wit are not a match for a greedy, worldly, hard-hearted old man, I would as lief have been born without brains as with them."

"Hush, hush! my dear. Let me think a bit."

He pondered for a little while.

"There was a mathematician—what was his name?—ah, Archimedes—who said he would move the world if he could find a crevice for his lever. My dear, we have neither lever nor crevice. We must get the lever first. Now where does this old gentleman keep his skeleton?"

She stared at him in amazement.

"His skeleton!" she exclaimed.

"His skeleton, my dear, that's what we want. He keeps it somewhere. I've got mine, and I keep it where no eye but my own can see it. We've all got one. If we could get hold of this old gentleman's, we might do something. It is in his house, depend upon it."

"If he has, I've not heard of it. Oh, yes," she cried excitedly, contradicting herself; "Bluebeard's room! He has a Bluebeard's room in the house. Mr. Hunter told me of it."

Mr. Nathan chuckled.

"What is in that room, Margaret?"

"How should I know? I have never been in it."

He gave her a reproachful look.

"If you hadn't told me so yourself I should not have believed it. A Bluebeard's room in the house, and you've never seen it! A clever woman like you! You'll tell me next, I shouldn't wonder, that you have never peeped through the keyhole."

"I do tell you so; I never have peeped through the key-hole."

It was evident from Mr. Nathan's tone that Margaret had fallen several degrees in his estimation.

"My dear," he said, "that room may contain the very thing we want—the lever."

"But suppose he keeps it locked up!"

"Then locks, bolts and bars must fly asunder."

Mr. Nathan sang these words in a fine bass voice, and rising, with a brisk air, said: "You must get me into that room, Margaret."

"I must first get you into the house."

"I am coming with you now. The old gentleman is away, you say; no time like the present. We'll strike the iron while it's hot, my dear. I constitute myself your friend Gerald's tailor, and I am going to take his measure. As you have never tried through the keyhole, I suppose you have never tried the handle of the door."

"Never."

"I will take long odds it is unlocked. Come along, my dear."

At another time Margaret might have had scruples, but her interest in the stake she was playing for was so great, that she was determined to leave no stone unturned to win the day. So she accompanied Mr. Nathan to Mr. Weston's house, where they found only Lucy—Gerald, for a wonder,

being absent from her. Acting under Mr. Nathan's instructions, Margaret got rid of Lucy, so that the two conspirators might be said to have had the house to themselves.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Nathan, "take me to the room. Of course you know where it is?"

"Not for a certainty," replied Margaret, "but I suspect."

She led Mr. Nathan to a door at the end of a passage, the last room but one in which was Mr. Weston's study. She tried the handle of the door and it turned within her hand; the door was unlocked.

"I told you so," said Mr. Nathan, with a quiet chuckle. "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see any one coming?"

"I am too frightened to go in," said Margaret, shrinking back.

"Nonsense, my dear, nonsense; we sha'n't have our heads bitten off."

She followed him into the room, but saw nothing to alarm her. There was but little furniture; two chairs, a table and a desk, all in a very dusty condition. The windows had not been cleaned for some time, and it was evident that no use was made of the room. Mr. Nathan opened a cupboard, and found it was empty. It was a Bluebeard's room, and contained a secret, it was well hidden; the only thing to excite comment was that a number of pictures were hanging with their faces turned to the wall.

"To preserve them from the dust, I should say," observed Mr. Nathan, "one—two—three—thirteen of 'em, my dear. We'll have a peep at them, at all events."

They were all portraits, and were all painted by the same hand. Mr. Nathan seemed to find some cause for curiosity in this circumstance. One of the portraits, Margaret said, was like Mr. Weston when he was a young man.

"Taken thirty years ago, at least," said Mr. Nathan, replacing the pictures in their original position. "There is something in it, my dear. If the old gentleman has a secret, it lies in these pictures."

"What is to be done now?" asked Margaret, in despair.

"Well, my dear, it's a puzzle. But we'll try and work it out. We must put our heads together, and use stratagem. Don't be downcast; nothing is done without courage. We won't be beaten if we can help it. Come and see me to-morrow, and in the meantime get at the story of these pictures if you can. I dare say the old gentleman has told Mr. Hunter something about them."

They left Bluebeard's room in not a very hopeful frame of mind.

XII.

MR. HUNTER DECLARIES THAT HONESTY HAS DIED OUT OF THE WORLD.

EVENTS, however, were brought to a climax somewhat suddenly, without Margaret's intervention. On the day following her peep into Bluebeard's room, Mr. Weston announced that he intended giving an evening party, and that he had already invited his friends; the party would take the form of an early dance.

"Really early," said Mr. Weston; "for I don't like late hours. They have all promised to be here at half-past eight o'clock."

He told Gerald privately that Miss Forester and her family would be among the guests. Miss Forester was the young lady whom he had fixed upon for his son, and he requested Gerald to pay her particular attention. The young fellow listened in silence.

"You will not leave us on this evening," said Mr. Weston to Mr. Hunter.

Mr. Hunter was compelled to go to the theatre. It happened, however, that he had but a small part to play, and that he could attend the party at ten o'clock. Mr. Weston was very curious to know the nature of the business that took his friend away every evening, and Mr. Hunter had a difficulty in parrying the questions.

The evening and the guests arrived. Margaret knew beforehand that some great magnates of the county would be present, with their wives and daughters, and she was determined that Lucy should not be eclipsed by any she in Devonshire. She dressed Lucy with exquisite taste, and no fairer flower was ever seen. Lucy had improved wonderfully during the past fortnight; love had brought the roses to her cheeks. It was strange that the affectionate bearing of the young lovers towards each other should hitherto have escaped Mr. Weston's notice; but this was partly owing to the fact of the old gentleman being exceedingly short-sighted. On many occasions, when Lucy and Gerald were together in the grounds, he perhaps with his arm around her waist, Mr. Weston, seeing them from a distance, had said, "That must be Lucy and Gerald;" and when he fussed about for his glasses, and prepared to fix them on his nose, Margaret, who was invariably by his side, turned his attention adroitly, blessing the circumstance that he could not see a dozen yards before him. I am afraid that she had been guilty more than once of secreting his glasses, to the old gentleman's infinite annoyance; she did not mind his pettishness; as you know, she was thoroughly unscrupulous.

Once, when Lucy and Gerald were within twenty yards of them in the garden, suspiciously close together. Margaret unblushingly took Mr. Weston's glasses—which he was rubbing with his bandanna preparatory to putting them to use—from his hand, and the ribbon from his neck, and saying, "Really, now, can one see with these things?" fixed them on her own nose, and looked about like an old grandmother—making so pretty a picture that the old gentleman was absorbed in admiration; during which little piece of comedy Lucy and Gerald escaped. At other times, Margaret twitted him with wearing his glasses constantly.

"They make you look so old!" she expostulated.

"I am old, my dear," he replied.

"You old! Nonsense! You're a young man yet."

And, although Mr. Weston deprecated the assertion, he was not displeased with it, and suffered much by frequently depriving himself of the artificial aid to sight. What he was ignorant of was clear to the eyes of every other person in the house. All the servants talked of the love-making that was going on between Gerald and Lucy, and as the old gentleman seemed to sanction it, the servants decided that it would be a match. They thoroughly sympathized with their young master and their mistress that was to be, for Cupid was as busy in the kitchen as in the drawing-room. A most impartial young god. I have seen him busily at work in rooms high and low, with fine ladies and common kitchen wenches, bestowing his attentions equally upon silk and cotton; I have seen him where silk and cotton are not appreciated, at the other end of the world, walking saucily by the side of dusky savages in grand old woods. If I had the time I could write a chapter on this theme; it is a temptation, because the subject is so new and novel; but space will not permit of it.

Mr. Weston, however, was not short-sighted on the evening of the party. The guests arrived, and the rooms were very brilliant. Lucy was the love-

liest girl among them. Margaret came next, although she was dressed very simply in black.

But she had the art of "putting on things" becomingly—an art which not all the members of her sex possess.

Miss Forester was present, with her mamma, very beautifully dressed, and very stately. Miss Forester's mamma was aware of Mr. Weston's wish,

course, understands that. A girl easily sees, instinctively, and judges between earnestness and lightness. And then I remember what you said when we were talking upon the matter: you would not allow your daughter to receive Gerald's attentions without my consent; you would not allow her to marry him without my consent. Those were the words, Gerald?"

"Those were my words," said Mr. Hunter, coldly and mechanically.

"And you never broke a promise—never, old friend?"

"Never."

"And you would not break this?"

"Not if it broke my heart," replied Mr. Hunter, with a shudder of pain.

"And my consent is given elsewhere," proceeded Mr. Weston, with nervous satisfaction. "Given elsewhere, as I told you. As for your bright little Lucy—have you noticed how she has improved during the last fortnight, Gerald? I really think the visit has done her good—as for her, we will get her comfortably settled presently; and for yourself, Gerald, anything in the way of money—"

"For God's sake," cried Mr. Hunter, almost blind with grief, "don't talk to me about money. I must go and speak to Lucy."

He looked about for his darling, but he could not see her. Indeed, she had left the room with Gerald, and the two were now in the garden, little dreaming of the storm that was gathering. Mr. Weston was somewhat shaken by his friend's agitation, but deemed it prudent not to comment upon it. A diversion occurred, and Mr. Weston gladly seized the opportunity of changing the subject. A tall gentleman, very red in the face and very pompous in his manner, approached them.

"Ah," said Mr. Weston, "Mr. Magendie. Delighted to see you. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Hunter."

Both gentlemen bowed.

"I intended to be here earler," said Mr. Magendie, "but there was a benefit at the theatre, and as my patronage had been obtained, I thought the people would expect to see me."

"No doubt, no doubt," observed Mr. Weston.

"The benefit was for the hospital, and I was compelled to put in an appearance. Not that I approve of such places, but one must make sacrifices." Here he turned his attention to Mr. Hunter, and regarded him with a look of doubt and surprise. "I beg your pardon; I did not catch this gentleman's name."

"Mr. Hunter—one of my oldest friends."

"Hunter—Hunter! Not Hart?"

He put this in the form of a question, and it had the effect of a cold shower-bath upon Mr. Hunter; it dispelled all vapors for a time.

"What if it be Hart?" he asked, proudly, returning Mr. Magendie's now steadfast gaze.

A word as to Mr. Magendie. A bag of clothes stuffed with money. The richest man in the district, and the meanest-souled and narrowest-minded: a man who wore trills to his shirt, and strutted along with his head in the air like a turkey-cock, and looked down with profound contempt upon the "lower orders." The pride of money oozed out of the corners of his eyes, out of his thick-lipped mouth, out of his voice, out of his manners. Policemen, parochial beadle, female paupers and charity children regarded him with awe. Altogether, he was one of the meanest and most contemptible embodiments of money among a crowd of such.

"In that case," replied Mr. Magendie, with his loftiest air, "I should inquire if there was any connection between you and the Plymouth Theatre, and I should express my surprise at Mr. Weston asking my wife and daughters—leaving me out of the question—to meet a common actor on terms of equality."

"No, Mr. Magendie," said Mr. Weston, very warmly. "I assure you you are wrong: you are mistaking my friend, Gerald Hunter—my old and dear friend, Mr. Magendie—for another person."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Hunter, gently and proudly, and smiling sadly on Margaret, who, observing that something stirring was taking place, had hurried to his side. "Mr. Magendie has made no mistake. If any has been made, it is I who am in fault. Your surmise is a correct one, sir; I am an actor, and am acting under the name of Hart at the Plymouth Theatre. But Mr. Weston was not aware of it until this moment."

Mr. Magendie turned on his heel, and in his most stately manner left the room with Mrs. and the Misses Magendies—who were all tainted with his disease. Mr. Weston was hurt in a very tender point; truly it was a most unpleasant incident. Only for one moment did Mr. Hunter look into Mr. Weston's face; he saw sufficient in that brief glance to shatter the hope and belief of a life. His friend was false to him, unworthy of him. In that moment, also, his own nature seemed to undergo a change.

"Where is Lucy?" he asked sternly, of Margaret.

Margaret, without answering him, led him from the room, and he supposed she was about to take him to her daughter. But Margaret's first intention was to remove him from the observation of the guests, who were beginning to talk of the incident. "That girl the daughter of an actor!" they said to one another. "Well, it was no wonder she was so pretty! They know how to make themselves up, my dear. As for Gerald Weston, his attentions to her were now easily to be understood. But they were astonished at old Mr. Weston introducing such people. The girl and her friend have been living in the house for a fortnight! Indeed!" And so on, and so on.

Fortunately for them and for Mr. Hunter also, he was out of hearing of the gossip. Margaret led him into the air, and the first persons they saw were Lucy and Gerald strolling towards the house. Mr. Hunter's mind was thrown off its balance by grief and passion. He tore Lucy from Gerald's arm, and cried:

"Gerald Weston, are you a coward or a villain?"

"Mr. Hunter!" exclaimed Gerald, confused by the startling address.

"Dear friend!" entreated Margaret; "be calm."

Lucy looked imploringly from one to the other.

"No more fair words!" cried Mr. Hunter. "I have had enough of them! Honesty has died out of the world." He turned to Mr. Weston, who, fearing a scene, had followed his old friend into the garden, and said, in a bitter, passionate tone, "Nevermore will I hold out the hand of friendship to you; nevermore will I set foot beneath your roof, until you have atoned for the wrong you have done me and mine. Go you to your wife's grave and erase the words you have written on her tomb; they are a mockery there, and rise up in judgment against you. Come, my child; this is no place for us; we must look elsewhere for truth and faithfulness!"

END OF PART II.

The volcanic soil in the neighborhood of Vesuvius is stated to be an antidote to the potato disease and other fungoid diseases of plants. It is also said that it is found of great value in the treatment of *Phylozera*; this, however, remains to be proved.

THANKSGIVING AT THE NEW YORK COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

THANKS to the forethought of the good and charitable, Thanksgiving Day brought joy to many of the children of the poor. In most of our institutions where have been gathered the little ones who have been deprived of a parent's love and care by poverty, crime or death, kind hands prepared a bounteous meal for the inmates.

We had the pleasure of being present at the Thanksgiving dinner given to the children of the Colored Orphan Asylum. The scene was a pleasant one. In the cheerful, well-lighted dining-hall were ranged fourteen tables, at which were seated about three hundred colored children, between the age of three and twelve years, about two-thirds of whom were boys. Before each one was a well-filled plate—that is, it was well filled at the commencement of the meal, but the active operation of knives and forks and youthful appetites soon emptied the "platters." The superintendent, matron, teachers and a few of the older boys, were busily moving among the tables supplying the wants of the little ones. The cheery voice of the superintendent and the kind tones of the ladies were pleasant accompaniments to the music of the busy knives and forks. "Here is a boy wants more gravy." "Johnny, do you think you can eat another turkey leg?" "Pessie, here is a nice piece of breast for you." These sentences came from out the pleasant din, as a sort of pleasant minor-key melody.

After eating a hearty meal, the children recited in unison, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and then trooped out to the play-ground. The scholars were cleanly and well-behaved. All appeared to be happy and contented, and they unquestionably enjoyed their dinner. One bright nine-year-old, whom we interviewed, said, "I don't care how many Thanksgivings comes."

The Colored Orphan Asylum is situated at 143d Street and Tenth Avenue. The building, which was erected some six years ago, at a cost of about \$130,000, is commodious and well adapted to the purposes of the institution. The rooms are well-lighted and ventilated. The schoolroom, with its neat desks and furniture, and walls decorated with pretty colored cards, bearing texts and mottoes, is a bright and cheerful place. The dormitories, furnished with rows of beds with clean white pillows and coverlets, are cozy and comfortable. The cleanliness and order of all parts of the house give evidence of careful and systematic management, and reflect great credit upon Mr. Orville K. Hutchinson, the Superintendent, and Miss Jane McClelland, the Matron.

The institution is under the control of a board of lady managers, with an advisory board of gentlemen. Children between the ages of two and ten are eligible for admission. At the age of twelve they are indentured to responsible parties, but the supervision of their interests is continued by the managers until the expiration of the term of indenture. Six months' schooling is required for the first two years of a child's apprenticeship. The Association was organized over forty years ago, and has been supported principally by subscription, bequests, and donations, although some aid is received from the Commissioners of Charities and Board of Education. The building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, occupied for many years by the Asylum, was destroyed by an ignorant and brutal mob during the draft riots of 1863, and the helpless children were driven from a happy home. By the energy of the management and the earnest sympathy of our best citizens, a temporary home was soon found for the Asylum; the property on Fifth Avenue was sold; the location at 143d Street secured; and preparations were made for the erection of the present model structure.

In the reception-room of the Asylum hangs a portrait of Miss Anna H. Shotwell, an elderly Quaker lady, with a kind face, in which energy, perseverance and the Christian graces are strongly indicated. To this lady, more than any one else, the credit is due for the organization, continuance and present flourishing condition of this noble charity. From its inception she has given her best energies to the furtherance of its interests, and now, an invalid, confined to her residence at West Farms, it must be a sweet source of joy for her to know that her cherished institution is so firmly established, that, like the bird that has learned to fly, it will no longer need the exertions she put forth for it in the beginning.

SCENES IN FLORIDA.

THE St. John's and Ocklawaha Rivers are fringed with forests of oak, pine and cypress, while, as the tourist sails along, groves of orange trees, covered with golden fruit, appear here and there to light up pleasantly the low shores. The Ocklawaha empties into the St. John's. The channel has no banks, being in reality a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. Here the palmetto rises tall and slender, bearing aloft innumerable parasites, often surprising the eye with patches of the convolvulus in a solid mass of beautiful blossoms. The swamp is as rich in birds as in vegetation, and Audubon found many of his choicest specimens of the former along this river. Mandarin, the first landing place of any importance on the St. John's, is noted for the many grand orange groves, one of which belongs to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who spends her winters in that charming locality. The village is about an hour's ride from Jacksonville, and offers the archæologist countless novelties in the way of Indian mounds.

THANKSGIVING IN THE TOMBS.

MUCH credit is due the Managers of the Five Points House of Industry for supplying the inmates of the City Prison with the delicacies of the Thanksgiving season. On these occasions, having a vast number of poor people to cater for, Mr. Barnard, the Superintendent of the House of Industry, found it in his heart to share with the unfortunate in confinement the gifts of a warm-hearted public. Had it not been for his generous action, the hundreds of prisoners would not have welcomed the 26th of November as a general holiday—a day of thanksgiving and extra good dinners. Early in the morning the little chapel of the prison was filled with representatives of the Catholic faith, where the usual matins were celebrated. Subsequently a bounteous feast was provided these unfortunate. The following letter explains the situation at the Tombs on the day of good cheer:

"CITY PRISON, November 25th, 1874.
W. F. Barnard, Supt. Five Points House of Industry—
DEAR SIR: I hereby acknowledge the receipt of 321 pounds Turkey, 114 pounds Chickens, 150 pounds Corned Pork, 1 bushel Onions, 150 Mince Pies, 1 barrel Apples. Please accept my thanks for the generous manner in which the Five Points House of Industry have, through you, provided a Thanksgiving dinner for the poor prisoners confined in the Tombs. Very respectfully yours,
JOHN QUIN, Warden."

Under Mr. Quin's administration there have been less frequent complaints on the part of the prisoners

than for many years. Miss Foster, the experienced Matron of the Female Department, says the prison has not been so ably managed since the time of Charley Sutton. The secret of this is, Mr. Quin's constant supervision of every department. In speaking of the unhealthy condition of the City Prison, he recently stated that there was no occasion for the death of a prisoner from causes within the building, and he did not propose to permit one to die. Mr. Quin has certainly proved himself a prudent, efficient and reliable executive.

THE LATE WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

MR. HAVEMEYER—the eldest son of William Havemeyer, a German, who emigrated to this country in 1798, and became a foreman in a sugar refinery—was born at No. 31 Pine Street, New York, in 1804, and was educated at various private schools, among which was that of Mr. Wilson, the blind teacher. At nineteen, young Havemeyer entered Columbia College, where he graduated in 1829.

Mr. Havemeyer then learned, under his father, the trade of refining sugar, and, a year afterwards, commenced operating for himself in Vandam Street. Here his great business qualifications, strict attention to details, frank honesty, and untiring industry speedily secured him a high reputation in commercial circles. His efforts prospered, and Mr. Havemeyer accumulated considerable wealth, when, in 1841, he was forced, through circumstances, into politics, much against his inclination.

In that year, Mr. Havemeyer was chosen, with James T. Brady and Gustavus A. Conover, a delegate to Tammany Hall, and at a meeting of the delegates was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee. The onerous and not very agreeable duties of the position were so pleasantly and thoroughly performed, that he gained hosts of friends in the Democratic Party, who nominated him for Mayor. In April of the same year he was elected by a very large majority.

During his term, which then lasted only twelve months, he distinguished himself by instituting several much-needed reforms, and notably in his regulations concerning the comfort of emigrants. His ideas on this question were so clear and practical, that, though his propositions were designed for the city only, they were adopted by the Legislature for the State. Ward's Island was planned after Mr. Havemeyer's suggestions, and he was appointed one of the first Commissioners of Emigration. His services as President of that Board were again tendered him, in 1848, as a true expression of public sentiment. In 1851, he became President of the Bank of North America, which position he resigned in 1861. Tammany Hall ran him, in 1859, as its candidate for Mayor, against Mr. Fernando Wood, the Mozart Hall candidate, and Mr. Opdyke, nominated by the Republicans. Mr. Wood was elected by about 2,000 majority. From that time until the formation of the famous Committee of Seventy, Mr. Havemeyer remained in private life. But in the great campaign of 1872, when New York City was in particular need of municipal reform, he became one of the most active advocates of a change in the policy of local government. Upon receiving the nomination for the Mayoralty, he resigned his position on the Committee, and entered personally into the contest. His opponents were Abraham R. Lawrence, now Judge of the Supreme Court, and James O'Brien. The vote stood in round numbers: Havemeyer, 50,000; Lawrence, 46,000; and O'Brien, 34,000.

Mayor Havemeyer had fell very ill in the morning of Monday, November 30th, and having lost his car by an accident to that vehicle, had walked to his office. He was very greatly fatigued, being a fleshy man. He entered his room between eleven and twelve o'clock. He had opened his desk, put his white silk handkerchief on it, and had begun to open his letters, when Alderman Morris and his messenger came in. At that moment he rose, made two steps from his chair and fell on his knees, his left hand grasping his desk and his right hand beating his breast just over the heart. His head dropped upon his breast, and in a few moments his breath was gone. His remains were removed to the back room, formerly occupied by Mayor Hall, where they were visited personally by the family. Many prominent persons immediately called, among them being Governor-elect S. J. Tilden, Colonel Joline, Alderman Vance, and Captain Leary. Mayor Havemeyer had just one month more to remain in office; and, despite partisan criticism, he was respected as a very honest man.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

PARIS.—NEW SYSTEM OF SLAUGHTERING BEES.—A method of slaughtering food animals has been devised at the new abattoirs of La Villette, which must challenge the attention of every friend of dumb beasts. A mask is placed over the head, covering the eyes. In the forehead is placed a metallic plate fitted with a sharp spike. The killing is done by the butcher striking this spike with a heavy hammer, thus piercing the brain and causing instant death.

NANA SAHIB.—It may be remembered that, immediately after the suppression of the Sepoy mutiny, the British Government offered a reward of £10,000 for the capture of Nana Sahib, the leader in the trouble. From that day to within a few weeks there have been many reports of the capture of this famous chief, each being in turn denied. After the fall of Delhi, Nana separated from his flying companions at Goorkha, announcing his intention of taking shelter in the Nepul Mountains, and in spite of the various reports, nothing accurate has been heard of him since. The last man arrested as Nana has not yet been identified.

RESTAURANT SCENE AT PESTH.—Musical performances are provided by the managers of the principal restaurants in Pesth during the afternoons and evenings. This novel feature renders dining in the city uncommonly popular with tourists. There is a lack of restraint that is quite acceptable to the American. He can eat, drink and smoke while reading or listening to instrumental and vocal music. The scene of a party of hungry folks satisfying themselves at the tables while Servian tamboura players are drowning the voices of the waiters, is certainly a striking picture.

THE AUSTRIAN POLAR EXPEDITION.—Polar expeditions are becoming quite common now. England sends out another in May next, and Austria, encouraged by the success of its first under Lieutenants Payer and Weyrecht, is about trying the experiment again. The interesting feature of the Austrian expedition was the discovery of land heretofore unknown, to which the name of Francis-Joseph's Land was given. Our illustration of the last anchorage of the *Germania* affords a glimpse of extreme northern scenery, with which our readers are familiar through the efforts of previous explorers.

GOING TO THE LONGCHAMPS RACES.—A view of the ponies at Garesnes, on the day of the Longchamps races, would lead a stranger to suppose that all Paris was dy-

ing from some dread evil. Every one is in a hurry; vehicles dash among pedestrians without regard for safety of limb, and all the incidents of an enforced hegira are seen with apprehension and wonder.

TRIAL OF SWIMMING APPARATUS AT CORK.—Several weeks ago it was announced that Paul Boynton was about taking passage in an ocean steamer, and when within two hundred miles of Queenstown, jumping overboard and swimming to land for the purpose of exhibiting the India rubber dress adopted in the United States Life-saving Service. His performance was somewhat altered as to the locality of the test, and he subsequently made a series of experiments in the harbor of Cork, Ireland. This apparatus has been thoroughly described in these columns in connection with the Life saving Service. It has attracted much attention and favorable comment in England.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

BRIDGETON, N. J., had a Centennial tea party on Nov. 25th.... The General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in the United States was in session at Memphis, Tenn., last week.... Indictments were found against the State Superintendent of Education, Clerk of the Circuit Court, and Clerk of the Chancery Court.... The police of New York made sweeping arrests of street-walkers, and closed many houses of ill fame.... Mrs. Walling, wife of the Superintendent of the New York Police, died last week.... A meeting was held at Indianapolis for the organization of a new political party.... Lieutenant Hodgson, U.S.A., is to be tried by court-martial for his recent arrest in Claiborne and Lincoln Parishes, La., during the election campaign.... The work of tunneling the North River, between Jersey City and New York, was commenced.... Mr. Muller, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, had a row with Secretary Bristow, and resigned.... Mr. Wickham, Mayor elect of New York City, was sworn in on the 23d ult.... A severe storm of wind, hail and rain swept over Maine, New York, New Jersey, Alabama, and other States, on the night of the 23d ult.... Hon. G. S. Houston was installed Governor of Alabama.... Tuscaloosa, Ala., appeals for relief for the sufferers of the storm of the 23d ult.... The General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in the United States met in Nashville, Tenn.... Mary Hanly, who shadowed Kate Stoddard until her arrest, will receive the city's reward of \$1,000.... A mass meeting of potters was held in Trenton, N. J., to resist a threatened reduction in their wages.... Pomeroy, the boy-murderer, will be tried at Boston, December 8th.... A grand encampment of Knight Templars of the United States will be held in New Orleans, beginning December 1st.

FOREIGN.

SPAIN exiled two genera and many civilians known to be partisans of Don Carlos.... Marshal Serrano will again take the field in the North.... Lady Franklin renewed her offer for records of her husband's Polar expedition.... An uprising of foreigners was threatened in Brazil.... The State of Vera Cruz, Mexico, authorized the establishment of a public lottery.... A public meeting was held at Toronto to consider the policy of pardoning Lepine, and granting Louis Riel amnesty.... Victor Emmanuel opened the Italian Parliament on Nov. 23d, that being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne.... Spain is willing to pay a *Virginia* indemnity to the United States on the same basis as that paid Great Britain.... Yaqoob Khan, son of the Amir of Afghanistan, was arrested because he was about surrendering the City of Herat to the Persians.... Count Von Arnim was relieved of police surveillance.... Two American newspaper correspondents were arrested by the Republicans in Spain while crossing the Santiago River.... The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Ontario held its session at Rockville last week.... Prominent Bonapartists were convicted of swindling in connection with the Territorial Bank of Spain.... The great Midland Counties handicap was run on Nov. 25th, at the Warwickshire meeting, in England.... Eleven Spanish deserters were shot in Cuba.... The Argentine insurrection is confined to the interior of the country.

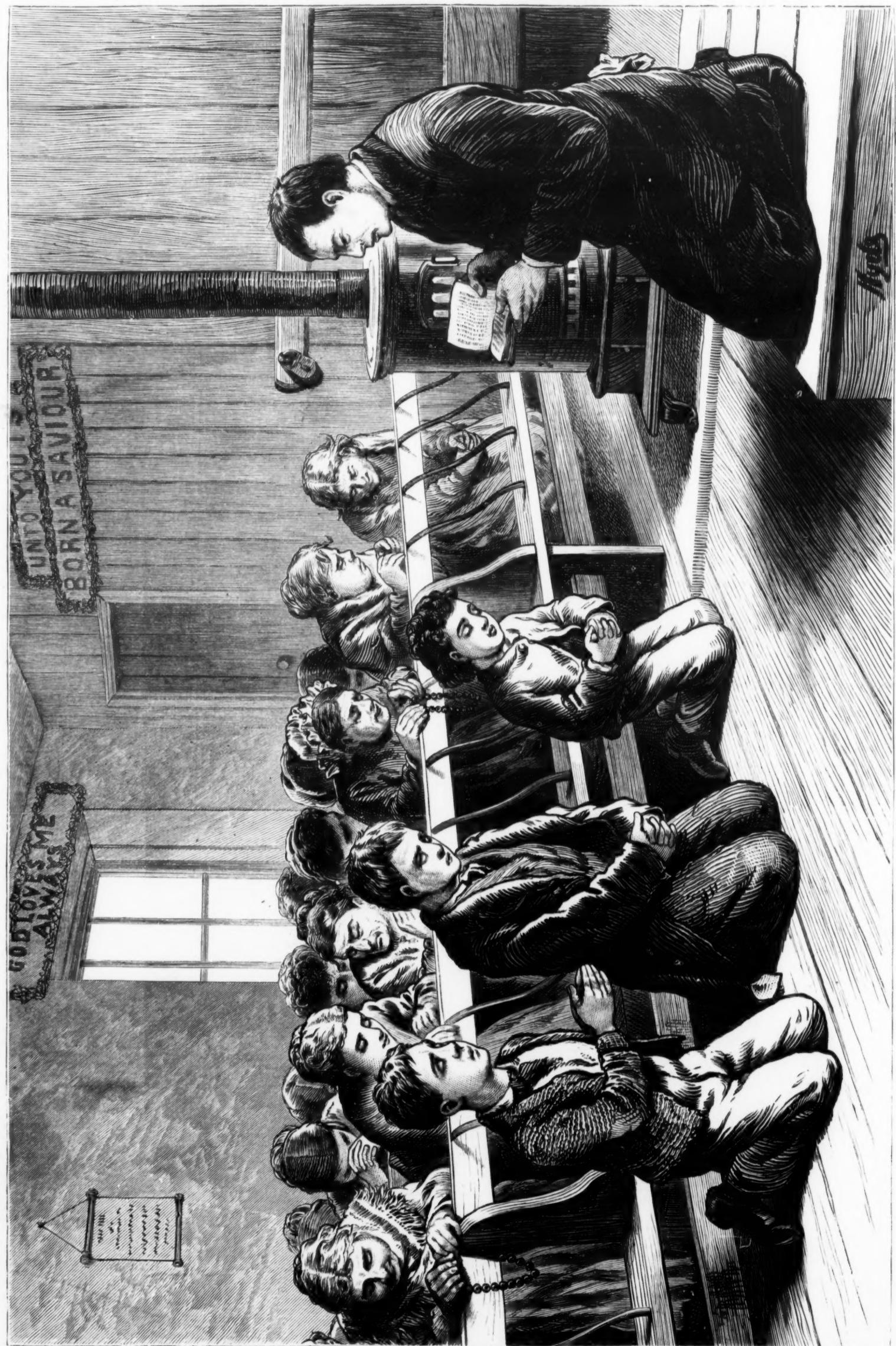
MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MISS LECLERCQ met with a flattering reception in Boston.

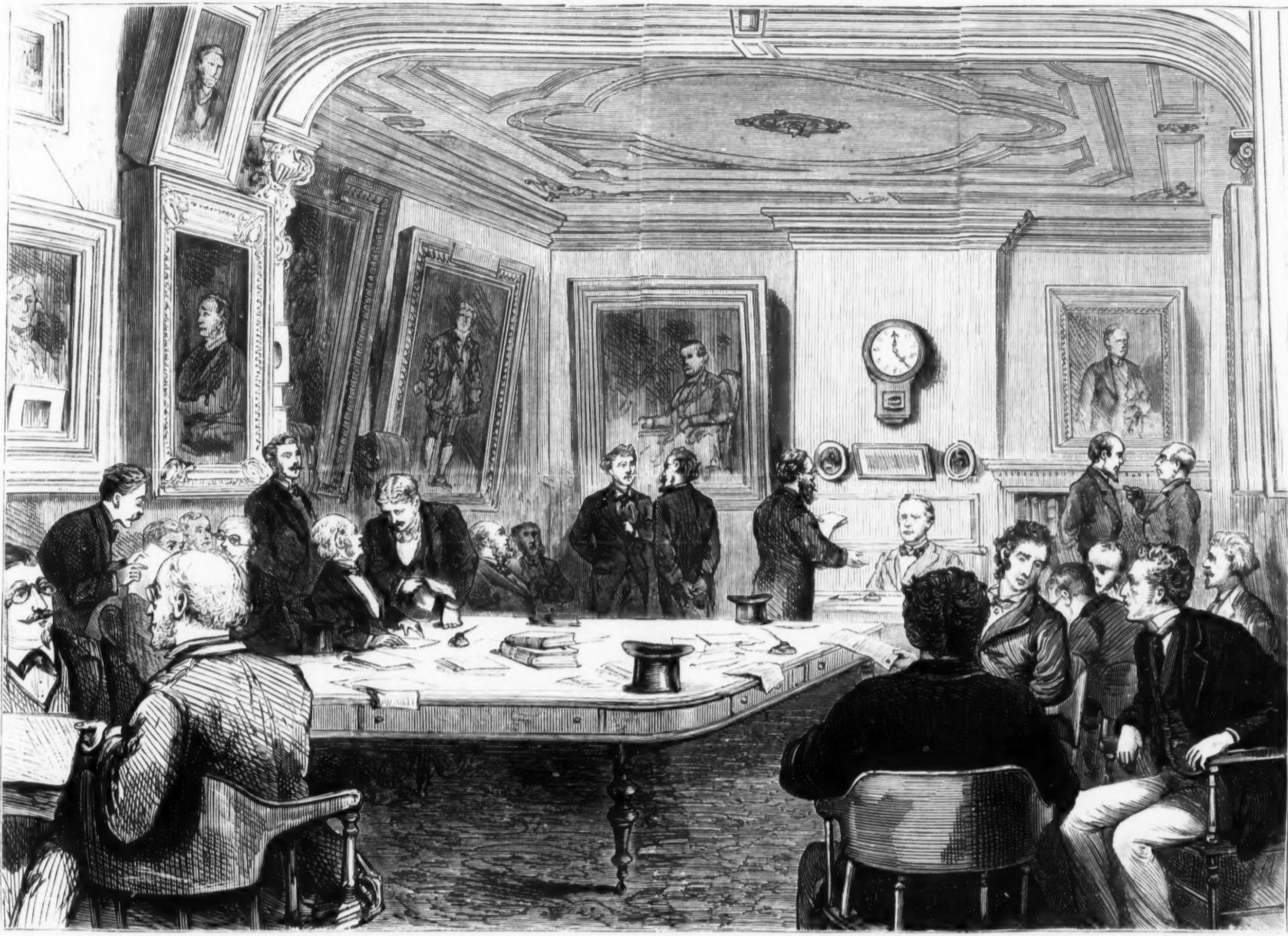
TONY PASTOR distributes hams to the patrons of his theatre.

JOHN BROUGHAM is playing at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.

"THE BROOKLYN SCANDAL" is being played in a Memphis theatre.



THANKSGIVING DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—DIVINE SERVICE IN THE CITY PRISON.—SEE PAGE 227.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE COURT OF ARBITRATION, ORGANIZED BY ACT OF LEGISLATURE FOR SETTLEMENT OF MERCANTILE DISPUTES WITHOUT RESORT TO COURTS OF LAW—THE COURT IN SESSION.—SEE PAGE 233.



BROOKLYN, N. Y.—LADY WASHINGTON TEA PARTY AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24TH—GENERAL AND MRS. WASHINGTON (MR. LYMAN AND MRS. SAGE) RECEIVING THE GUESTS.
SEE PAGE 233.

DROWNED.

THE flashing lighthouse beacon pales before
The ruddy harvest-moon's intenser ray,
That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite gray.

Bound the tall brigs the greedy ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing;
A shore belated sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong plumed dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions show
Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwell
In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track,
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply black
Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blurred and shapeless dread;
Rude is the pall, but fitted well to vail
The ocean's outcast dead.

His name, his story? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum: a waif, a mystery;
Death's mocking gloss upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

FATAL FORTUNE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

ONE fine morning, more than three months since, you were riding with your brother, Miss Anstell, in Hyde Park. It was a hot day, and you had allowed your horses to fall into a walking pace. As you passed the railing on the right-hand side, near the eastern extremity of the lake in the park, neither you nor your brother noticed a solitary woman, loitering on the footpath to look at the riders as they went by.

The solitary woman was my nurse, Nancy Connell. And these were the words she heard exchanged between you and your brother, as you slowly passed her:

Your brother said, "Is it really true that Mary Brading and her husband have gone to America?" You laughed (as if the question amused you), and answered, "Quite true!"

"How long will they be away?" your brother next asked.

"As long as they live," you answered, with another laugh.

By this time you had passed beyond Nancy Connell's hearing. She owns to having followed your horses a few steps to hear what was said next. She looked particularly at your brother. He took your reply seriously; he seemed to be quite astonished by it.

"Leave England, and settle in America!" he exclaimed. "Why should they do that?"

"Who can tell why?" you answered. "Mary Brading's husband is mad—and Mary Brading herself is not much better."

You touched your horse with the whip, and, in a moment more you and your brother were out of my nurse's hearing. She wrote and told me, what I here tell you, by a recent mail. I have been thinking of those last words of yours in my leisure hours, more seriously than you would suppose. The end of it is that I take up my pen on behalf of my husband and myself, to tell you the story of our marriage, and the reason for our emigration to the United States of America.

It matters little or nothing to him or to me whether our friends in England think us both mad or not. Their opinions, hostile or favorable, are of no sort of importance to us. But you are an exception to the rule. In bygone days at school we were fast and firm friends; and—what weighs with me even more than this—you were heartily loved and admired by my dear mother. She spoke of you tenderly on her deathbed. Events have separated us of late years. But I cannot forget the old times; and I cannot feel indifferent to your opinion of me and of my husband—though an ocean does separate us, and though we are never likely to look on one another again. It is very foolish of me, I dare say, to take seriously to heart what you said in one of your thoughtless moments. I can only plead in excuse that I have gone through a great deal of suffering, and that I was always (as you may remember) a person of sensitive temperament, easily excited and easily depressed.

Enough of this! Do me the last favor I shall ever ask of you. Read what follows, and judge for yourself whether my husband and I are quite so mad as you were disposed to think us, when Nancy Connell heard you talking to your brother in Hyde Park.

CHAPTER II.

IT is now more than a week since I went to Eastbourne, on the coast of Sussex, with my father and my brother James.

My brother had then, as we hoped, recovered from the effects of a fall in the hunting-field. He complained, however, at times of pain in his head; and the doctors advised us to try the sea-air. We removed to Eastbourne without a suspicion of the serious nature of the injury that he had received. For a few days all went well. We liked the place; the air agreed with us; and we determined to prolong our residence for some weeks to come.

Our sixth day at the seashore—a memorable day to me, for reasons which you have still to hear—my brother complained again of the old pain in his head. He and I went out together to try what exercise would do towards relieving him. We walked through the town to the fort at one end of it, and then followed a footpath running by the side of the sea, over a dreary waste of shingle bounded at its inland extremity by the road to Hastings, and by the marshy country beyond.

We had left the fort at some little distance behind us; I was walking in front; and James was following me. He was talking quietly, as usual, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence. I turned round in surprise, and discovered my brother prostrate on the path, in convulsions terrible to see.

It was the first epileptic fit I had ever witnessed. My presence of mind entirely deserted me. I could only wring my hands in horror and scream for help. No one appeared, either from the direction of the fort or of the high road. I was too far off, I suppose, to make myself heard. Looking ahead of me, on the path, I discovered, to my infinite relief, the figure of a man running towards me. As he came nearer, I saw that he was, unmistakably, a gentleman—young, and eager to be of service to me.

"Pray compose yourself," he said, after a look at my brother. "It is very dreadful to see; but it is not dangerous. We must wait until the convulsions are over, and then I can help you."

He seemed to know so much about it, that I thought he might be a medical man. I put the question to him plainly.

He colored, and looked a little confused. "I am not a doctor," he said. "I happen to have seen persons afflicted with epilepsy; and I have heard medical men say that it is useless to interfere until the fit is over. See," he added, "your brother is quiet already. He will soon feel a sense of relief which will more than compensate him for all he has suffered. I will help him to get to the fort—and once there, we can send for a carriage to take him home."

In five minutes more we were on our way to the fort—the stranger supporting my brother as attentively and tenderly as if he had been an old friend. When the carriage had been obtained, he insisted on accompanying us to our own door, on the chance that his service might still be of some use. He left us, asking permission to call and inquire after James's health the next day. A more modest, gentle and unassuming person I never met with. He not only excited my warmest gratitude; he interested me at my first meeting with him.

I lay some stress on the impression that this young man produced on me—why, you will soon find out.

The next day the stranger paid the promised visit of inquiry. His card, which he sent upstairs, informed us that his name was Roland Cameron. My father—who is not easily pleased—took a liking to him at once. His visit was prolonged, at our request. He said just enough about himself to satisfy us that we were receiving a person who was at least of equal rank with ourselves. Born in England, of a Scotch family, he had lost both his parents. Not long since, he had inherited a fortune from one of his uncles. It struck us as a little strange that he spoke of his fortune with marked change to melancholy in his voice and manner. The subject was, for some inconceivable reason, evidently distasteful to him. Rich as he was, he acknowledged that he led a simple and solitary life. He had little taste for society, and no sympathies in common with the average young men of his age. But he had his own harmless pleasures and occupations; and past sorrow and suffering had taught him not to expect too much from life. All this was said modestly, with a winning charm of look and voice which indescribably attracted me. His personal appearance aided the favorable impression which his manner and conversation produced. He was of the middle height, lightly and firmly built; his complexion pale; his hands and feet small and finely shaped; his brown hair curling naturally; his eyes large and dark, with an occasional indecision in their expression, which was far from being an objection to them—to my taste it seemed to harmonize with an occasional indecision in his talk—proceeding, as I was inclined to think, from some passing confusion in his thoughts, which it always cost him a little effort to discipline and overcome. Does it surprise you to find how closely I observed a man who was only a chance acquaintance, at my first interview with him? Or do your suspicions enlighten you, and do you say to yourself, she has fallen in love with Mr. Roland Cameron at first sight? I may plead in my own defense that I was not quite romantic enough to go that length. But I own I waited for his next visit with an impatience which was new to me in my experience of my sober self. And, worse still, when the day came, I changed my dress three times, before my newly developed vanity was satisfied with the picture which the looking-glass presented to me of myself!

In a fortnight more my father and brother began to look on the companionship of our new friend as one of the settled institutions of their lives. In a fortnight more Mr. Roland Cameron and I—though we neither of us ventured to acknowledge it—were as devotedly in love with each other as two young people could well be. Ah, what a delightful time it was, and how cruelly soon our happiness came to an end!

During the brief interval which I have described, I observed certain peculiarities in Roland Cameron's conduct which perplexed and troubled me, when my mind was busy with him in my lonely moments.

For instance, he was subject to the strangest lapses into silence when he and I were talking together. At these times his eyes assumed a weary, absent look, and his mind seemed to wander away—from the conversation and far from me. He was perfectly unaware of his own infirmity; he fell into it unconsciously, and came out of it unconsciously. If I noticed that he had not been attending to me, or if I asked why he had been silent, he was completely at a loss to comprehend what I meant. It puzzled and distressed him. What he was thinking of in these pauses of silence it was impossible to guess. His face, at other times singularly noble and expressive, became almost a perfect blank. Had he suffered some terrible shock at some past period of his life, and had his mind never quite recovered it? I longed to ask him the question, and yet I shrank from doing it. I was so sadly afraid of distressing him; or, to put it in plainer words, I was so truly and tenderly fond of him.

Then, again, though he was ordinarily, I sincerely believe, the most gentle and most lovable of men, there were occasions when he would surprise me by violent outbreaks of temper, excited by the merest trifles. A dog barking suddenly at his heels, or a boy throwing stones in the road, or an unfortunate shopkeeper trying to make him purchase something that he did not want, would throw him into a frenzy of rage which was, without exaggeration, really frightful to see. He always apologized for these outbreaks, in terms which showed that he was sincerely ashamed of his own violence. But he could never succeed in controlling himself. The lapses into passion, like the lapses into silence, took him into their own possession, and did with him, for the time being, just as they pleased.

One more example of Roland's peculiarities, and I have done. The strangeness of his conduct, in this case, was noticed by my father and my brother, as well as by me.

When Roland was with us in the evening, whether he came to dinner or to tea, he invariably left us at nine o'clock. Try as we might to persuade him to stay longer, he always politely but positively refused. Even I had no influence over him in this matter. When I pressed him to remain—though it cost him an effort—he still retired exactly as the clock struck nine. He gave no reason for this strange proceeding: he only said that it was a habit of his, and begged us to indulge him in it, without asking for an explanation. My father and my brother (being men) succeeded in controlling their curiosity. For my part (being a woman) every day that passed only made me more and more eager to penetrate the mystery. I privately resolved to choose my time, when Roland was in a particularly accessible humor, and then to appeal to him for the explanation, which he had hitherto refused, as a special favor to myself.

In two days more I found my opportunity.

Some friends of ours who had joined us at Eastbourne, proposed a picnic party to the famous neighboring cliff called Beachy Head. We accepted the invitation. The day was lovely, and the

gypsy dinner was, as usual, infinitely preferable (for once in a way) to a formal dinner in doors. Towards evening our little party separated in twos and threes to explore the neighborhood. Roland and I found ourselves together, as a matter of course. We were happy, and we were alone. Was it the right or the wrong time to ask the fatal question? I am not able to decide; I only know that I asked it.

CHAPTER III.

"MR. CAMERON," I said, "will you make allowances for weak woman?—and will you tell me something that I am dying to know?"

He walked straight into the trap—with that entire absence of ready wit or small suspicion (I leave you to choose the right phrase) which is so much like men, and so little like women.

"Of course I will," he answered.

"Then tell me," I asked, "why you always insist on leaving us at nine o'clock?"

He started, and looked at me, so sadly, so reproachfully, that I would have given everything I possessed to recall the rash words that had just passed my lips.

"If I consent to tell you," he replied—after a momentary struggle with himself—"will you let me put a question to you first? and will you promise to answer it?"

I gave him my promise, and waited eagerly for what was coming next.

"Miss Brading," he said, "tell me honestly—do you think I am mad?"

It was impossible to laugh at him; he spoke those strange words seriously—sternly, I might almost say.

"No such thought ever entered my head," I answered.

He looked at me very earnestly.

"You say that on your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

I answered with perfect sincerity; and I evidently satisfied him that I had spoken the truth. He took my hand and raised it gratefully to his lips.

"Thank you," he said simply. "You encourage me to tell you a very sad story."

"Your own story?" I asked.

"My own story. Let me begin by telling you why I persist in leaving your house, always at the same early hour. Whenever I go out, I am bound by a promise to the person with whom I am living at Eastbourne to return at a quarter past nine o'clock."

"The person with whom you are living?" I repeated.

"You are living at a boarding-house, are you not?"

"I am living, Miss Brading, under the care of a doctor, who keeps an asylum for the insane. He has taken a house for some of his wealthier patients at the seaside, and allows me my liberty in the daytime, on the condition that I faithfully perform my promise at night. It is a quarter of an hour's walk from your house to the doctor's; and it is a rule that the patients retire at half-past nine o'clock."

Here was the mystery that had so sorely perplexed me, revealed at last! The disclosure literally struck me speechless. Unconsciously and instinctively I drew back from him a few steps. He fixed his sad eyes on me with a touching look of entreaty.

"Don't shrink away from me," he said. "You don't think I am mad!"

I was too confused and distressed to know what to say; and, at the same time, I was too fond of him not to answer that appeal. I took his hand and pressed it in silence. He turned his head aside for a moment. I thought I saw a tear on his cheek. I felt his hand close trembling on mine. He mastered himself with surprising resolution; he spoke with perfect composure when he looked at me again.

"Do you care to know my story?" he asked, after what I have just told you?"

"I am eager to hear it," I answered. "You don't know how I feel for you. I am too distressed to be able to express myself in words."

"You are the kindest and dearest of women!" he said, with the utmost fervor, and at the same time with the utmost respect.

We sat down together in a grassy hollow of the cliff, with our faces towards the grand, gray sea. The daylight was beginning to fade, as I heard the story which made me Roland Cameron's wife.

CHAPTER IV.

"MY mother died when I was an infant in arms," he began. "My father, from my earliest to my latest recollections, was always hard towards me. I have been told that I was an odd child, with strange ways of my own. My father detested anything that was strongly marked, anything out of the ordinary way in the characters and habits of those about him. He himself lived, as the phrase is, by line and rule, and he determined to make his son follow his example. I was subjected to severe discipline at school, and I was carefully watched at college. Looking back on my early life, I can see no traces of happiness. I can find no tokens of sympathy. Sad submission to a hard destiny, weary wayfaring over unfriendly roads, such is the story of my life from ten years old to twenty."

"I passed one Autumn vacation at the Cumberland lakes, and there I met by accident a young French lady. The result of that meeting decided my whole after life."

She filled the position of nursery governess in the house of a wealthy Englishman. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. We took an innocent pleasure in each other's society. Her little experience of life was strangely like mine; there was a perfect sympathy of thought and feeling between us. We loved, or thought we loved. I was not twenty-one, and she was not eighteen, when I asked her to be my wife.

"I can understand my folly now, and can laugh at it or lament over it as the humor moves me. And yet I can't help pitying myself, when I look back at myself at that time—I was so young, so hungry for a little sympathy, so weary of an empty, friendless life. Well, everything is comparative in this world. I was soon to regret, bitterly regret, that friendless life, wretched as it was."

"The poor girl's employer discovered our attachment, through his wife. He at once communicated with my father."

"My father had but one word to say—he insisted on my going abroad, and leaving it to him to release me from my absurd engagement in my absence. I answered him that I should be of age in a few months, and that I was determined to marry the girl. He gave me three days to reconsider that resolution. I held to my resolution. In a week afterwards I was declared insane by two medical men, and I was placed by my father in a lunatic asylum."

"Was it an act of insanity for the son of a gentleman, with great expectations before him, to propose marriage to a nursery governess? I declare, as heaven is my witness, I know of no other act of mine which could justify my father, and justify the doctors, in placing me under restraint."

"I was three years in that asylum. It was officially reported that the air did not agree with me. I was removed, for two years more, to another asylum, in a remote part of England. For the five best years of my life I have been herded with madmen—and my reason has survived it. The impression I produce on you, on your father, on your brother, on all our friends at this picnic, is that I am as reasonable as the rest of my fellow-creatures. Am I rushing to a hasty conclusion when I assert myself to be now, and always to have been, a sane man?"

"At the end of my five years of arbitrary imprisonment in a free country, happily for me—I am ashamed to say it, but I must speak the truth—He walked straight into the trap—with that entire absence of ready wit or small suspicion (I leave you to choose the right phrase) which is so much like men, and so little like women.

"(Continued on page 5.)

CHAPTER V.

"I LIVED happily in the house of my relative, a country gentleman. Time had long since cured me of my boisterous infatuation for the nursery governess. I could revisit with perfect composure the paths along which we had walked, the lake on which we had sailed together. Hearing by chance that she was married in her own country, I could wish her all possible happiness, with the sober kindness of a disinterested friend. What a strange thread of irony runs through the texture of the simplest human life! The early love for which I had sacrificed and suffered so much was now revealed to me, in its true colors, as a boy's passing fancy; nothing more.

"Three years of peaceful freedom passed: freedom which, on the contradicted testimony of respectable witnesses, I never abused. Well, that long and happy interval, like all intervals, came to its end—and then the great misfortune of my life came upon me. One of my uncles died, and left me his inheritance of his whole fortune. I alone, to the exclusion of the other heirs, now received not only the large income derived from the estates, but £70,000 in ready money as well. The vile calumny which had asserted me to be mad was now revived by the wretches who were interested in stepping between me and my inheritance. A year ago I was sent back again to the asylum in which I had been last imprisoned. The pretense for confining me was found in an "act of violence," as it was called, which I had committed in a momentary outburst of anger, and which it was acknowledged led to no serious results. Having got me into the asylum, the conspirators proceeded to complete their work. A Commission in Lunacy was entered against me. It was held by one commissioner, without a jury and without a lawyer to assert my interests. By one man's decision I was declared to be of unsound mind. The custody of my person, as well as the management of my estates, was confined to men chosen from among the conspirators who had declared me to be mad, and I am here through the favor of the proprietor of the asylum, who has given me my holiday at the seaside, and who humbly trusts me with my liberty, as you see. At barely thirty years old, I am refused the free use of my money, and the free management of my affairs. At barely thirty years old, I am officially declared to be a lunatic for life."

CHAPTER VI.

"HE paused; his head sank on his breast; his story was told.

I have repeated

CHAPTER VII.

IT was necessary that either he or I should tell my father of what had passed between us. On reflection I thought it best that I should make the disclosure. The day after the picnic I repeated to my father Roland's melancholy narrative, as a necessary preface to the announcement that I had promised to be Roland's wife.

My father saw the obvious objections to the marriage. He warned me of the imprudence which I contemplated in the strongest terms. Our prospect of happiness, if we were married, would depend entirely on our capacity to supersede the proceedings of the Lunacy Commission. Success in this arduous undertaking was, to say the least of it, uncertain. The commonest prudence pointing to the propriety of delaying the marriage until the doubtful experiment had been put to the proof.

The reasoning was unanswerable. It was, nevertheless, completely thrown away upon me.

When did a woman in love ever listen to reason?

I believe there is no instance of it on record. My father's wise words of caution had no chance against Roland's fervent entreaties. The days of his residence at Eastbourne were drawing to a close. If I let him return to the asylum an unmarried man, months, years, perhaps, might pass before our union could take place. Could I expect him, could I expect any man, to endure that cruel separation, that unrelieved suspense? His mind had been sorely tried already; his mind might give way under it. These were the arguments that carried weight with them in my judgment. I was of age, and free to act as I pleased. You are welcome, if you like, to consider me the most foolish and the most obstinate of women. In sixteen days from the date of the picnic Roland and I were privately married at Eastbourne.

My father—more grieved than angry, poor man—declined to be present at the ceremony, in justice to himself. My brother gave me away at the altar.

Roland and I spent the afternoon of the wedding-day and the early part of the evening together. At nine o'clock he returned to the doctor's house; exactly as usual; having previously explained to me that he was in the power of the Court of Chancery, and that until we succeeded in setting aside the proceedings of the Lunacy Commission, there was a serious necessity for keeping the marriage strictly secret. My husband and I kissed, and said good-by till to-morrow, as the clock struck the hour. I little thought, when I looked after him from the street door, that months on months were to pass before I saw Roland again.

A hurried note from my husband reached me the next morning. Our marriage had been discovered (we never could tell by whom), and we had been betrayed to the doctor. Roland was then on his way back to the asylum. He had been warned that force would be used if he resisted. Knowing that resistance would be interpreted, in his case, as a new outbreak of madness, he had wisely submitted. "I have made the sacrifice," the letter concluded; "it is now for you to help me. Attack the Commission in Lunacy, and be quick about it."

We lost no time in preparing for the attack. On the day when I received the news of our misfortune, we left Eastbourne for London, and at once took measures to obtain the best legal advice.

My dear father—though I was far from deserving his kindness—entered into the matter heart and soul. In due course of time we presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, praying that the decision of the Lunacy Commission might be set aside.

We supported our petition by quoting the evidence of Roland's friends and neighbors, during his three years' residence in the lake country as a free man. These worthy people (being summoned before the Lunacy Commission) had one and all agreed that he was, as to their judgment and experience, perfectly quiet, harmless, and sane. Many of them had gone out shooting with him. Others had often accompanied him in sailing excursions on the lake. Do people trust a madman with a gun, and with the management of a boat? As to the "act of violence," which the heirs at law and the next of kin had made the means of imprisoning Roland in the madhouse, it amounted to this: He had lost his temper, and had knocked a man down who had offended him. Very wrong, but if that is a proof of madness, what thousands of lunatics are still at large! Another instance produced to prove his insanity was still more absurd. It was solemnly declared that he had put an image of the Virgin Mary in his boat when he went out on his sailing excursions! I have seen the image; it was a very beautiful work of art. Was Roland mad, to admire it and take it with him? His religious convictions leaned towards Catholicism. If he betrayed insanity in adorning his boat with an image of the Virgin Mary, what is the mental condition of most of the ladies in Christendom, who wear the cross as an ornament around their necks? We advanced these arguments in our petition after quoting the evidence of the witnesses. And, more than this, we even went the length of admitting, as an act of respect to the court, that my poor husband might be eccentric in some of his opinions and habits. But we put it to the authorities whether better results might not be expected from placing him under the care of a wife who loved him, and whom he loved, than from shutting him up in an asylum among incurable madmen as his companions for life.

Such was our petition, so far as I am able to describe it. The decision rested with the Lords Justices. They decided against us.

Turning a deaf ear to our witnesses and our arguments, these merciless lawyers declared that the doctor's individual assertion of my husband's insanity was enough for them. They considered Roland's comfort to be sufficiently provided for in the asylum, with an allowance of £700 a year, and to the asylum they consigned him for the rest of his days.

So far as I was concerned, the result of this infamous judgment was to deprive me of the position of a husband's wife; no lunatic being capable of contracting marriage in law. So far as my husband was concerned, the result may be best stated in the language of a popular newspaper, which published an article on the case. "It is impossible," said the article—"I wish I could personally thank the man who wrote it—for the Court of Chancery to take a man who has a large fortune, and is in the prime of life, but is a little touched in the head, and make a monk of him, and then report to itself that the comfort and happiness of the lunatic have been effectually provided for at the expenditure of £700 a year."

Roland was determined, however, that they should not make a monk of him, and you may rely upon it, so was I.

But one alternative was left to us. The authority of the Court of Chancery (within its jurisdiction) is the most despotic authority on the face of the earth. Our one hope was in taking to flight. The price of our liberty, as citizens of England, was exile from our native country, and the entire abandonment of Roland's fortune. We accepted those

hard conditions. Hospitable America offered us a refuge, beyond the reach of mad-doctors and Lords Justices. To hospitable America our hearts turned as to our second country. The serious question was, how were we to get there?

We had attempted to correspond, and had failed. Our letters had been discovered, and seized by the proprietors of the asylum. Fortunately, we had taken the precaution of writing in a "cipher" of Roland's invention, which he had taught me before our marriage. Though our letters were illegible, our purpose was suspected as a matter of course, and a watch was kept on my husband, night and day.

Foiled in our first attempt at making arrangements secretly for our flight, we continued our correspondence (still in cipher) by means of advertisements in the newspapers. This second attempt was discovered in its turn. Roland was refused permission to subscribe to the newspapers, and was forbidden to enter the reading-room of the asylum.

These tyrannical prohibitions came too late. Our plans had already been communicated, we understood each other, and we had now only to bide our time. We had arranged that my brother and a friend of his, on whose discretion we could thoroughly rely, should take it in turns to watch every evening for a given time at an appointed meeting place, three miles distant from the asylum. The spot had been carefully chosen. It was on the bank of a lonely stream, and close to the outskirts of a thick wood. A waterproof knapsack, containing a change of clothes, a false beard and wig, and some biscuits and preserved meats, were hidden in a hollow tree. My brother and his friend always took their fishing-rods with them, and engaged in the innocent occupation of angling to any chance strangers who might pass within sight of them. On one occasion the proprietor of the asylum himself rode by my brother on the opposite side of the stream, and asked politely if he had had good sport!

For a fortnight these staunch allies of ours relieved each other regularly on their watch—and no signs of the fugitive appeared. On the fifteenth evening, just as the twilight was changing into night, and just as my brother (whose turn it was) had decided on leaving the place, Roland suddenly joined him on the bank of the stream.

Without wasting a moment in words, the two at once entered the wood, and took the knapsack from its place of shelter in the hollow tree; in ten minutes more, my husband was dressed in a suit of workman's clothes, and was further disguised in the wig and beard. The two men set forth down the course of the stream, keeping in the shadow of the wood until the night had fallen and the darkness hid them. The night was cloudy; there was no moon. After walking two miles, or a little more, they altered their course, and made boldly for the high road to Manchester, entering on it at a point some thirty miles distant from the city.

On their way from the wood, Roland described the manner in which he had effected his escape.

The story was simple enough. He had assumed to be suffering from nervous illness, and had requested to have his meals in his own room. Wait upon him in succession, week by week, were both more than his match in strength. The third man employed, at the beginning of the third week, was physically a less formidable person than his predecessors. Seeing this, Roland decided when evening came, on committing another "act of violence."

In plain words, he sprang upon the keeper waiting on him in his room and gagged and bound the man. This done, he laid the unlucky keeper (face to the wall) on his own bed, covered with his own cloak, so that any one entering the room might suppose that he was lying down to rest. He had previously taken the precaution to remove the sheets from the bed, and he had now only to tie them together to escape by the window of his room, situated on the upper floor of the house. The sun was setting, and the inmates of the asylum were at tea. After narrowly missing discovery by one of the laborers employed in the grounds he had climbed the garden inclosure, and had dropped on the other side—a free man!

Arrived on the high road to Manchester, my husband and my brother parted.

Roland, who was an excellent walker, set forth on his way to Manchester on foot. He had food in his knapsack, and he proposed to walk some twelve or fifteen miles on the road to the city before he stopped at any town or village to rest. My brother, who was physically unable to accompany him, returned to the place in which I was then residing, to tell me the good news.

By the first train the next morning I traveled to Manchester, and took a lodgings in the suburbs of the city known to my husband. A prim, smoky little square was situated in the immediate neighborhood, and we had arranged that whichever of us first arrived in Manchester should walk round that square, between twelve and one in the afternoon, and between six and seven in the evening. In the evening I kept my appointment. A dusty, footsore man, in shabby clothes, with a hideous beard, and knapsack on his back, met me at my first walk-round. He smiled as I looked at him. Ah! I knew that smile through all disguises! In spite of the Court of Chancery and the Lords Justices, I was in my husband's arms once more!

We lived quietly in our retreat for a month. During that time (as I heard by letters from my brother) nothing that money and cunning could do towards discovering Roland was left untried by the proprietor of the asylum, and by the persons acting with him. But where is the cunning that can trace a man, who, escaping at night in disguise, has not trusted himself to a railway or a carriage, and who takes refuge in a great city in which he has no friends? At the end of our month in Manchester, we traveled northward, crossed the Channel to Ireland, and passed a pleasant fortnight in Dublin. Leaving this again, we made our way to Cork and Queenstown, and embarked from that little place among a crowd of steerage passengers in a steamer bound for America.

My story is told. I am writing these lines from a farm in the West of the United States. Our neighbors may be honest enough, but the roughest of them is kinder to us than a mad-doctor or a Lord Justice. Roland is happy in those agricultural pursuits which have always been favorite pursuits to him; and I am happy with Roland. Our sole resources consist of my humble little fortune, inherited from my dear mother. After deducting our traveling expenses, the sum total amounts to between £700 and £800; and this, as we find, is amply sufficient to start us in the new life that we have chosen. We expect my father and my brother to pay us a visit next summer; and I think it just possible that they may find our family circle increased by the presence of a new member in long clothes. Are there no compensations here for exile from England and the loss of a fortune? We think there are. But then, my dear Miss Anstall, "Mary Bradbury's husband is mad; and Mary Bradbury herself is not much better."

If you feel inclined to alter this opinion, and if you remember our old days at school as tenderly

as I remember them, write and tell me so. Your letter will be forwarded if you send it to the enclosed address at New York.

In the meantime, the moral of our story seems to be worth serious consideration. A certain Englishman legally inherits a large fortune. At the time of his inheritance he has been living as a free man for three years—without once abusing his freedom, and with the express sanction of the medical superintendent who has had experience and charge of him. His next of kin and heirs at law (who are left out of the fortune) look with covetous eyes at the money, and determine to get the management and the ultimate possession of it. Assisted by a doctor, whose honesty and capacity must be taken on trust, these interested persons, in the nineteenth century of progress, can lawfully imprison their relative for life in a country which calls itself free, and which declares that its justice is equally administered to all alike.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

"LAND AND WATER" says that the shrubs which supply the nobles of Japan with tea are reported to be five hundred years old, the tea grown on old plants being the best.

"SCIENCE Gossip" says that in some countries frogs are used as barometers. The common tree-frog is used, and is placed in a tall glass bottle, with a ladder. In fine weather the frog always climbs the ladder, and always comes down when a storm is approaching.

RAIL-CAR EQUIPMENTS.—The Railroad and Warehouse Commission of Illinois has sent out a circular to all the operating railroads in that State, calling attention to the fact that the laws require every railroad corporation to furnish each car used for the transportation of passengers with one woodman's ax, one hand-saw, one sledge-hammer, and two leather buckets; said articles to be kept in good repair, and ready for instant use, and in some convenient place in such car, easy of access in case of collision or other accident. The circular says: "If your company has not already complied with the provisions of this law, we trust the subject will receive your immediate attention, so that no occasion may be had for a resort to the Courts to enforce the penalties therein prescribed."

FIGHTING FISHES.—"The Jardin d'Acclimatation," says the Paris *Liberé*, "has just received from Shanghai a collection of Japanese and Chinese fishes, among which are some of the fighting sort, which furnish great amusement to the Annamites. The following is their mode of proceeding: They select two combatants of dark color, and put them into separate glass bottles which they then place close together. The fish immediately begin to attack each other; their hues change; they become black, the tail and fins become phosphorescent, and the eyes sparkle with peculiar lustre. They soon rush towards each other, but are stopped by the bottles. When their rage is at its height they are liberated and placed in the same reservoir, and a furious combat takes place, until, one being defeated, he seeks safety in flight, again changing its tint to a whitish gray."

CHANCES FOR LIVING.—A medical writer of eminence has been collecting evidence as to the chances of life which children have upon being born, in different countries. Out of 10,000 children born it is found, from official statistics, that in Norway as many as 7,415, or, roughly speaking, three out of every four live to be 20 years of age. In England only 6,627 live, or 788 fewer than in Norway. In the United States boys have nearly as good a chance for life as in England, while girls have not. But in France only 5,022, or scarcely more than one out of two attain that age. More surprising still, are the statistics regarding old age. Out of the same 10,000, for example, we learn that in Norway 3,487—more than one out of three—reach 70; in England, almost one out of four; in the United States, still men only, one out of four—a trifle higher than in England; in France, 1,776, or about one out of 8,187; and in Ireland, 861, or one out of 11,122. If this table is to be depended upon, we thus learn that of all countries in the world Norway offers the new born child the best chance for a long life, while Ireland offers the worst. And France, universally admitted to be, so far as soil and climate are concerned, one of the most favored regions of the earth, offers but little better chance than England.

THE EFFECTS OF A SUNBEAM.—If the curious things in science were communicated rather than the materialistic, as presented by Professor Tyndall, and others, both profit and great pleasure would be the result. Take in its contrast the effects of a sunbeam, for example, and one sees the grand result of the most gentle and powerful, and yet variable and versatile, forces. As painted by an artist's pen, we see that the most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not turned to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it in tremulous motion. The tenderest of the human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and bulletted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia tubular bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills, or in fattening shower upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and it desolates a whole region in its lurid wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and unpretentious a manner!

A HUNDRED EXTINCT VOLCANOES.—The San Francisco *Chronicle* gives the following in an account of a recent meeting of the Academy of Science of that city: "Dr. Harkness spoke of discoveries made by himself in parts of Plumas and Lassen Counties little known hitherto. A tract of country containing about 8,000 square miles, he described not only as volcanic, but showing traces of recent volcanic action, and having within its limits 100 extinct volcanoes. A large crater on the dividing line of the two counties had dammed up the lake, giving it a new outlet, and spreading its waters over an area of three square miles. The volcanic cone is higher than Vesuvius. Ashes and scoriae are scattered all down its sides. In different parts of the lake are stumps of trees, some of them forty-five feet in height, and showing above the surface. Some of them, standing on the lava, are only partially burned through, indicating that the matter ejected from the volcano was not all in a melted state. In other places occur round cavities, which were sounded by Dr. Harkness and his party, and stumps found at the bottom. Higher up, the trees, though untouched by the lava, were burned by the heat. The growth of a portion of the trees since the eruption shows about twenty-five annual rings. The lava from the volcano covers about 100 square miles. An old resident of Red Bluff, who was in the neighborhood in 1853, told the doctor that he saw a bright sheet of flame rising from the mountain, which continued during his entire stay. Shaved Head, an old Indian of the Mill Creek tribe, says that in his youth the region was alive with volcanoes in active operation."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

VERDI, the composer, has been appointed a Member of the Italian Senate.

LORD LYTTON has been appointed British Ambassador at Constantinople, succeeding Sir Henry George Elliott.

MISS HARRIET HORNER is making, at her own expense, a statue of "Emancipation," for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The Archbishops of Paris, Bordeaux, and Besançon have forbidden the priests in their dioceses to write for the papers.

PRESIDENT ROBINSON, of Brown University, is to be talked of in Rhode Island for the United States Senatorship.

NILSSON is to receive, in Russia, during December of this year and January of next year, 7,000 francs for each performance.

GOVERNOR GASTON will be the first occupant of the Chair of State in Massachusetts who had previously been Mayor of the Centre of the Universe.

JOHN BAPTISTE HORITZ is the oldest white inhabitant of St. Louis. He was born in that city, of Spanish parents, eighty-four years ago.

M. LATARD, brother of the British Ambassador at Madrid, has been appointed Governor of the Fiji Islands, recently acquired by Great Britain.

THE French Minister to Italy, M. Nosailles, has taken his residence in the Palazzo Farnese, at Rome, formerly belonging to the ex King of Naples.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADES, of St. Louis, has been investigating the jetty system in Europe, and recommends it for the navigation of the Mississippi.

IT is rumored that Horace White, late of the Chicago *Tribune*, will soon marry Miss McDougall, of Joliet, Ill., and then take a trip to Europe.

REAR-ADmirAL KRANTZ, the French Governor of Cochinchina, has issued a decree suppressing gambling-houses in that colony from the 1st of January next.

REV. DR. NEWMAN, ex-Chaplain of the United States Senate, spoke at a meeting held recently in London, to oppose the opium traffic between India and China.

IT is rumored that Joaquin Miller is about to return and have a talk with Mrs. M. At least the London papers say that he has had his hair cut very close to his head.

MCCULLOUGH promises seriously to take Forrest's place. Playing *Spartacus* in Cincinnati, he received six calls before the curtain in one night—two after the *arena* scene.

COMMANDER ALFRED MARKHAM, R.N., is to have chief command of the English Government expedition, which is to start next May for the Arctic regions on a voyage of discovery.

PROF. FOOTE, of the Agricultural College of Iowa, is said to have the best collection of minerals in the West. He took over \$300 worth of premiums with them at the St. Louis Fair.

MADAME VAN DE WEYER has generously ordered that the pension granted to her by the Belgian Government, after her husband's death, shall be paid annually to the widow of some Belgian author.

LADY GEORGINA FULLARTON, and others, have addressed a letter of sympathy to the Roman Catholic ladies in Westphalia, who were punished for a demonstration hostile to the Prussian Government.

HIS MAJESTY, the Shah, is reported to be very uneasy. The miserable cause of this royal uncomfortableness is the presence in his dominions of a Russian expedition of four members to observe the transit of Venus.

A COUNCIL OF WAR in New Caledonia recently went through the formality of sentencing Count Rochefort and his companions, Pascal Groussac and Pain, to two years' imprisonment each for escaping from that island.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN has begun his lectures at Oxford, and caused some surprise in the first lecture by an attack upon the ladies for coming in such numbers and taking all the seats to the exclusion of the undergraduates.

BARONESS RO-EY, the Russian Abbess, who acquired the means of making a great display of liberality by perpetrating gigantic forgeries, has been sentenced at Moscow to three years' banishment and eleven years' exile in Siberia.

REV. DR. MINER, who resigned the pastorate of the Second Universalist Church in Boston some time since, to give his entire attention to the Presidency of Tufts College, has returned to the church on a salary of \$6,000 and will resign the presidency of the college.

MATT. MORGAN has been elected a member of the American Society in Water Colors, an honor which is merited by his recipient. Mr. Morgan is very much more than "a mere scene-painter," as the Society has very finely adjudged. There is no stronger colorist in that Society.

DROWNED.

THE flashing lighthouse beacon pales before
The ruddy harvest-moon's intenser ray,
That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite-gray.

Bound the tall brigs the greedy ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing;
A shore belated sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong plumed dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the waters, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions show
Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwell
In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track,
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply black
Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blurred and shapeless dread;
Rude is the pall, but fitted well to vail
The ocean's outcast dead.

His name, his story? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum: a waif, a mystery;
Death's mocking gloss upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

FATAL FORTUNE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER I.

ONE fine morning, more than three months since, you were riding with your brother, Miss Anstall, in Hyde Park. It was a hot day, and you had allowed your horses to fall into a walking pace. As you passed the railing on the right-hand side, near the eastern extremity of the lake in the park, neither you nor your brother noticed a solitary woman, loitering on the footpath to look at the riders as they went by.

The solitary woman was my nurse, Nancy Connell. And these were the words she heard exchanged between you and your brother, as you slowly passed her:

Your brother said, "Is it really true that Mary Brading and her husband have gone to America?" You laughed (as if the question amused you), and answered, "Quite true!"

"How long will they be away?" your brother next asked.

"As long as they live," you answered, with another laugh.

By this time you had passed beyond Nancy Connell's hearing. She owns to having followed your horses a few steps to hear what was said next. She looked particularly at your brother. He took your reply seriously; he seemed to be quite astonished by it.

"Leave England, and settle in America!" he exclaimed. "Why should they do that?"

"Who tell why?" you answered. "Mary Brading's husband is mad—and Mary Brading herself not much better."

You touched your horse with the whip, and, in a moment more you and your brother were out of my nurse's hearing. She wrote and told me, what I here tell you, by a recent mail. I have been thinking of those last words of yours in my leisure hours, more seriously than you would suppose. The end of it is that I take up my pen on behalf of my husband and myself, to tell you the story of our marriage, and the reason for our emigration to the United States of America.

It matters little or nothing to him or to me whether our friends in England think us both mad or not. Their opinions, hostile or favorable, are of no sort of importance to us. But you are an exception to the rule. In bygone days at school we were fast and firm friends; and—what weighs with me even more than this—you were heartily loved and admired by my dear mother. She spoke of you tenderly on her deathbed. Events have separated us of late years. But I cannot forget the old times; and I cannot feel indifferent to your opinion of me and of my husband—though an ocean does separate us, and though we are never likely to look on one another again. It is very foolish of me, I dare say, to take seriously to heart what you said in one of your thoughtless moments. I can only plead in excuse that I have gone through a great deal of suffering, and that I was always (as you may remember) a person of sensitive temperament, easily excited and easily depressed.

Enough of this! Do me the last favor I shall ever ask of you. Read what follows, and judge for yourself whether my husband and I are quite so mad as you were disposed to think us, when Nancy Connell heard you talking to your brother in Hyde Park.

CHAPTER II.

IT is now more than a week since I went to Eastbourne, on the coast of Sussex, with my father and my brother James.

My brother had then, as we hoped, recovered from the effects of a fall in the hunting-field. He complained, however, at times of pain in his head; and the doctors advised us to try the sea-air. We removed to Eastbourne without a suspicion of the serious nature of the injury that he had received. For a few days all went well. We liked the place; the air agreed with us; and we determined to prolong our residence for some weeks to come.

Our sixth day at the seaside—a memorable day to me, for reasons which you have still to hear—my brother complained again of the old pain in his head. He and I went out together to try what exercise would do towards relieving him. We walked through the town to the fort at one end of it, and then followed a footpath running by the side of the sea, over a dreary waste of shingle bounded at its inland extremity by the road to Hastings, and by the marshy country beyond.

We had left the fort at some little distance behind us; I was walking in front; and James was following me. He was talking quietly, as usual, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence. I turned round in surprise, and discovered my brother prostrate on the path, in convulsions terrible to see.

It was the first epileptic fit I had ever witnessed. My presence of mind entirely deserted me. I could only wring my hands in horror and scream for help. No one appeared, either from the direction of the fort or of the high road. I was too far off, I suppose, to make myself heard. Looking ahead of me, on the path, I discovered, to my infinite relief, the figure of a man running towards me. As he came nearer, I saw that he was, unmistakably, a gentleman—young, and eager to be of service to me.

"Pry compose yourself," he said, after a look at my brother. "It is very dreadful to see; but it is not dangerous. We must wait until the convulsions are over, and then I can help you."

He seemed to know so much about it, that I thought he might be a medical man. I put the question to him plainly.

He colored, and looked a little confused. "I am not a doctor," he said. "I happen to have seen persons afflicted with epilepsy: and I have heard medical men say that it is useless to interfere until the fit is over." See, he added, "your brother is quieter already. He will soon feel a sense of relief which will more than compensate him for all he has suffered. I will help him to get to the fort—and once there, we can send for a carriage to take him home."

In five minutes more we were on our way to the fort—the stranger supporting my brother as attentively and tenderly as if he had been an old friend. When the carriage had been obtained, he insisted on accompanying us to our own door, on the chance that his service might still be of some use. He left us, asking permission to call and inquire after James's health the next day. A more modest, gentle, and unassuming person I never met with. He not only excited my warmest gratitude; he interested me at my first meeting with him.

I lay some stress on the impression that this young man produced on me—why, you will soon find out.

The next day the stranger paid the promised visit of inquiry. His card, which he sent up-stairs, informed us that his name was Roland Cameron. My father—who was not easily pleased—took a liking to him at once. His visit was prolonged, at our request. He said just enough about himself to satisfy us that we were receiving a person who was at least of equal rank with ourselves. Born in England, of a Scotch family, he had lost both his parents. Not long since, he had inherited a fortune from one of his uncles. It struck us as a little strange that he spoke of his fortune with a marked change to melancholy in his voice and manner. The subject was, for some inconceivable reason, evidently distasteful to him. Rich as he was, he acknowledged that he led a simple and solitary life. He had little taste for society, and no sympathies in common with the average young men of his age. But he had his own harmless pleasures and occupations; and past sorrow and suffering had taught him not to expect too much from life. All this was said modestly, with a winning charm of look and voice which indescribably attracted me. His personal appearance aided the favorable impression which his manner and conversation produced. He was of the middle height, lightly and firmly built; his complexion pale; his hands and feet small and finely shaped; his brown hair curling naturally; his eyes large and dark, with an occasional indecision in their expression, which was far from being an objection to them—to my taste it seemed to harmonize with an occasional indecision in his talk—proceeding, as I was inclined to think, from some passing confusion in his thoughts, which it always cost him a little effort to discipline and overcome. Does it surprise you to find how closely I observed a man who was only a chance acquaintance, at my first interview with him? Or do your suspicions enlighten you, and do you say to yourself, she has fallen in love with Mr. Roland Cameron at first sight? I may plead in my own defense that I was not quite romantic enough to go that length. But I own I waited for his next visit with an impatience which was new to me in my experience of my sober self. And, worse still, when the day came, I changed my dress three times, before my newly developed vanity was satisfied with the picture which the looking-glass presented to me of myself!

In a fortnight more my father and brother began to look on the companionship of our new friend as one of the settled institutions of their lives. In a fortnight more Mr. Roland Cameron and I—though we neither of us ventured to acknowledge it—were as devotedly in love with each other as two young people could well be. Ah, what a delightful time it was, and how cruelly soon our happiness came to an end!

During the brief interval which I have described, I observed certain peculiarities in Roland Cameron's conduct which perplexed and troubled me, when my mind was busy with him in my lonely moments.

For instance, he was subject to the strangest lapses into silence when he and I were talking together. At these times his eyes assumed a weary, absent look, and his mind seemed to wander away—far from the conversation and far from me. He was perfectly unaware of his own infirmity; he fell into it unconsciously, and came out of it unconsciously. If I noticed that he had not been attending to me, or if I asked why he had been silent, he was completely at a loss to comprehend what I meant. It puzzled and distressed him. What he was thinking of in these pauses of silence it was impossible to guess. His face, at other times singularly noble and expressive, became almost a perfect blank. Had he suffered some terrible shock at some past period of his life, and had his mind never quite recovered it? I longed to ask him the question, and yet I shrank from doing it. I was so sadly afraid of distressing him; or, to put it in plainer words, I was so truly and tenderly fond of him.

Then, again, though he was ordinarily, I sincerely believe, the most gentle and most lovable of men, there were occasions when he would surprise me by violent outbreaks of temper, excited by the merest trifles. A dog barking suddenly at his heels, or a boy throwing stones in the road, or an importunate shopkeeper trying to make him purchase something that he did not want, would throw him into a frenzy of rage which was, without exaggeration, really frightful to see. He always apologized for these outbreaks, in terms which showed that he was sincerely ashamed of his own violence. But he could never succeed in controlling himself. The lapses into passion, like the lapses into silence, took him into their own possession, and did with him, for the time being, just as they pleased.

One more example of Roland's peculiarities, and I have done. The strangeness of his conduct, in this case, was not noticed by my father and my brother, as well as by me. When Roald was with us in the evening, whether he came to dinner or to tea, he invariably left us at nine o'clock. Try as we might to persuade him to stay longer, he always politely but positively refused. Even I had no influence over him in this matter. When I pressed him to remain—though it cost him an effort—he still retired exactly as the clock struck nine. He gave no reason for this strange proceeding: he only said that it was a habit of his, and begged us to indulge him in it, without asking for an explanation. My father and my brother (being men) succeeded in controlling their curiosity. For my part (being a woman) every day that passed only made me more and more eager to penetrate the mystery. I privately resolved to choose my time, when Roland was in a particularly accessible humor, and then to appeal to him for the explanation, which he had hitherto refused, as a special favor to myself.

In two days more I found my opportunity. Some friends of ours who had joined us at Eastbourne, proposed a picnic party to the famous neighboring cliff called Beachy Head. We accepted the invitation. The day was lovely, and the

gypsy dinner was, as usual, infinitely preferable (for once in a way) to a formal dinner in doors. Towards evening our little party separated in twos and threes to explore the neighborhood. Roland and I found ourselves together, as a matter of course. We were happy, and we were alone. Was it the right or the wrong time to ask the fatal question? I am not able to decide; I only know that I asked it.

CHAPTER III.

"MR. CAMERON," I said, "will you make allowances for a weak woman?—and will you tell me something that I am dying to know?"

He walked straight into the trap—with that entire absence of ready wit or small suspicion (I leave you to choose the right phrase) which is so much like men, and so little like women.

"Of course I will," he answered.

"Then tell me," I asked, "why you always insist on leaving us at nine o'clock?"

He started, and looked at me, so sadly, so reproachfully, that I would have given everything I possessed to recall the rash words that had just passed my lips.

"If I consent to tell you," he replied—after a momentary struggle with himself—"will you let me put a question to you first? and will you promise to answer it?"

I gave him my promise, and waited eagerly for what was coming next.

"Miss Brading," he said, "tell me honestly—do you think I am mad?"

It was impossible to laugh at him; he spoke those strange words seriously—sternly, I might almost say.

"No such thought ever entered my head," I answered.

He looked at me very earnestly.

"You say that on your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

I answered with perfect sincerity; and I evidently satisfied him that I had spoken the truth. He took my hand and raised it gratefully to his lips.

"Thank you," he said simply. "You encourage me to tell you a very sad story."

"Your own story?" I asked.

"My own story. Let me begin by telling you why I persist in leaving your house, always at the same early hour. Whenever I go out, I am bound by a promise to the person with whom I am living at Eastbourne to return at a quarter past nine o'clock."

"The person with whom you are living?" I repeated. "You are living at a boarding-house, are you not?"

"I am living, Miss Brading, under the care of a doctor, who keeps an asylum for the insane. He has taken a house for some of his wealthier patients at the seaside, and allows me my liberty in the daytime, on the condition that I faithfully perform my promise at night. It is a quarter of an hour's walk from your house to the doctor's; and it is a rule that the patients retire at half-past nine o'clock."

Here was the mystery that had so sorely perplexed me, revealed at last! The disclosure literally struck me speechless. Unconsciously and instinctively I drew back from him a few steps. He fixed his sad eyes on me with a touching look of entreaty.

"Don't shrink away from me," he said. "You don't think I am mad?"

I was too confused and distressed to know what to say; and, at the same time, I was too fond of him not to answer that appeal. I took his hand and pressed it in silence. He turned his head aside for a moment. I thought I saw a tear on his cheek. I felt his hand close trembling on mine. He mastered himself with surprising resolution; he spoke with perfect composure when he looked at me again.

"Do you care to know my story?" he asked, "after what I have just told you?"

"I am eager to hear it," I answered. "You don't know how I feel for you. I am too distressed to be able to express myself in words."

"You are the kindest and dearest of women!" he said, with the utmost fervor, and at the same time with the utmost respect.

We sat down together in a grassy hollow of the cliff, with our faces towards the grand, gray sea. The daylight was beginning to fade, as I heard the story which made Roland Cameron's wife.

CHAPTER IV.

"MY mother died when I was an infant in arms," he began. "My father, from my earliest to my latest recollections, was always hard towards me. I have been told that I was an odd child, with strange ways of my own. My father detected anything that was strongly marked, anything out of the ordinary way in the characters and habits of those about him. He himself lived, as the phrase is, by line and rule, and he determined to make his son follow his example. I was subjected to severe discipline at school, and I was carefully watched at college. Looking back on my early life, I can see no traces of happiness. I can find no tokens of sympathy. Sad submission to a hard destiny, weary wayfaring over unfriendly roads, such is the story of my life from ten years old to twenty."

"I passed one Autumn vacation at the Cumberland lakes, and there I met by accident a young French lady. The result of that meeting decided my whole after life."

She filled the position of nursery governess in the house of a wealthy Englishman. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her. We took an innocent pleasure in each other's society. Her little experience of life was strangely like mine: there was a perfect sympathy of thought and feeling between us. We loved, or thought we loved. I was not twenty-one, and she was not eighteen, when I asked her to be my wife.

"I can understand my folly now, and can laugh at it or lament over it as the humor moves me. And yet I can't help pitying myself, when I look back at myself at that time—I was so young, so hungry for a little sympathy, so weary of an empty, friendless life. Well, everything is comparative in this world. I was soon to regret, bitterly regret, that friendless life, wretched as it was."

"The poor girl's employer discovered our attachment, through his wife. He at once communicated with my father."

"My father had but one word to say—he insisted on my going abroad, and leaving it to him to release me from my absurd engagement in my absence. I answered him that I should be of age in a few months, and that I was determined to marry the girl. He gave me three days to reconsider that resolution. I held to my resolution. In a week afterwards I was declared insane by two medical men, and I was placed by my father in a lunatic asylum."

"Was it an act of insanity for the son of a gentleman, with great expectations before him, to propose marriage to a nursery governess? I declare, as heaven is my witness, I know of no other act of mine which could justify my father, and justify the doctors in placing me under restraint."

"I was three years in that asylum. It was officially reported that the air did not agree with me. I was removed, for two years more, to another asylum, in a remote part of England. For the five best years of my life I have been herded with madmen—and my reason has survived it. The impression I produce on you, on your father, on your brother, on all our friends at this picnic, is that I am as reasonable as the rest of my fellow-creatures. Am I rushing to a hasty conclusion when I assert myself to be now, and always to have been, a sane man?"

"At the end of my five years of arbitrary imprisonment in a free country, happily for me—I am ashamed to say it, but I must speak the truth—happily for me, my merciless father died. His trustees, to whom I was consigned, felt some pity for me. They could not take the responsibility of granting me my freedom. But they placed me under the care of a surgeon, who received me into his private residence, and who allowed me free exercise in the open air."

"A year's trial of this mode of life satisfied the surgeon, and satisfied every one else who took the smallest interest in me, that I was perfectly fit to enjoy my liberty. I was freed from all restraint, and was permitted to reside with a near relative of mine, in that very lake country which had been the scene of my fatal meeting with the French girl six years before."

CHAPTER V.

"I LIVED happily in the house of my relative, satisfied with the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. Time had long since cured me of my boyish infatuation for the nursery governess. I could revisit with perfect composure the paths along which we had walked, the lake on which we had sailed together. Hearing by chance that she was married in her own country, I could wish her all possible happiness, with the sober kindness of a disinterested friend. What a strange thread of irony runs through the texture of the simplest human life! The early love for which I had sacrificed and suffered so much was now revealed to me, in its true colors, as a boy's passing fancy; nothing more."

"Three years of peaceful freedom passed: freedom which, on the contradicted testimony of respectable witnesses, I never abused. Well, that long and happy interval, like all intervals, came to its end—and then the great misfortune of my life came upon me. One of my uncles died, and left me his inheritance. One of my brothers died, and left me his inheritance, which he had asserted me to be mad was now revived by the wretches who were interested in stepping between me and my inheritance. A year ago I was sent back again to the asylum in which I had been last imprisoned. The pretense for confining me was found in an "act of violence," as it was called, which I had committed in a momentary outburst of anger, and which it was acknowledged led to no serious results. Having got me into the asylum, the conspirators proceeded to complete their work. A Commission in Lunacy was entered against me. It was held by one commissioner, without a jury and without a lawyer to assert my interests. By one man's decision I was declared to be of unsound mind. The custody of my person, as well as the management of my estates, was confined to men chosen from among the conspirators who had declared me to be mad, and I am here through the favor of the proprietor of the asylum, who has given me my holiday at the seaside, and who humbly trusts me with my liberty,

CHAPTER VII.

THIS was necessary that either he or I should tell my father of what had passed between us. On reflection I thought it best that I should make the disclosure. The day after the picnic I repeated to my father Roland's melancholy narrative, as a peremptory preface to the announcement that I had promised to be Roland's wife.

My father saw the obvious objections to the marriage. He warned me of the imprudence which I contemplated in the strongest terms. Our prospect of happiness, if we were married, would depend entirely on our capacity to supersede the proceedings of the Lunacy Commission. Success in this arduous undertaking was, to say the least of it, uncertain. The commonest prudence pointing to the propriety of delaying the marriage until the doubtful experiment had been put to the proof.

The reasoning was unanswerable. It was, nevertheless, completely thrown away upon me.

When did a woman in love ever listen to reason? I believe there is no instance of it on record. My father's wise words of caution had no chance against Roland's fervent entreaties. The days of his residence at Eastbourne were drawing to a close. If I let him return to the asylum an unmarried man, months, years, perhaps, might pass before our union could take place. Could I expect him, could I expect any man, to endure that cruel separation, that unrevealed suspense? His mind had been sorely tried already; his mind might give way under it. These were the arguments that carried weight with them in my judgment. I was of age, and free to act as I pleased. You are welcome, if you like, to consider me the most foolish and the most obstinate of women. In sixteen days from the date of the picnic Roland and I were privately married at Eastbourne.

My father—more grieved than angry, poor man—declined to be present at the ceremony, in justice to himself. My brother gave me away at the altar.

Roland and I spent the afternoon of the wedding-day and the early part of the evening together. At nine o'clock he returned to the doctor's house; exactly as usual; having previously explained to me that he was in the power of the Court of Chancery, and that until we succeeded in setting aside the proceedings of the Lunacy Commission, there was a serious necessity for keeping the marriage strictly secret. My husband and I kissed, and said good-by till to-morrow, as the clock struck the hour. I little thought, when I looked after him from the street door, that months on months were to pass before I saw Roland again.

A hurried note from my husband reached me the next morning. Our marriage had been discovered (we never could tell by whom), and we had been betrayed to the doctor. Roland was then on his way back to the asylum. He had been warned that force would be used if he resisted. Knowing that resistance would be interpreted, in his case, as a new outbreak of madness, he had wisely submitted. "I have made the sacrifice," the letter concluded; "it is now for you to help me. Attack the Commission in Lunacy, and be quick about it."

We lost no time in preparing for the attack. On the day when I received the news of our misfortune, we left Eastbourne for London, and at once took measures to obtain the best legal advice.

My dear father—though I was far from deserving his kindness—entered into the matter heart and soul. In due course of time we presented a petition to the Lord Chancellor, praying that the decision of the Lunacy Commission might be set aside.

We supported our petition by quoting the evidence of Roland's friends and neighbors, during his three years' residence in the lake country as a free man. These worthy people (being summoned before the Lunacy Commission) had one and all agreed that he was, as to their judgment and experience, perfectly quiet, harmless, and sane. Many of them had gone out shooting with him. Others had often accompanied him in sailing excursions on the lake. Do people trust a madman with a gun, and with the management of a boat? As to the "act of violence," which the heirs at law and the next of kin had made the means of imprisoning Roland in the madhouse, it amounted to this: He had lost his temper, and had knocked a man down who had offended him. Very wrong, but if that is proof of madness, what thousands of lunatics are still at large! Another instance produced to prove his insanity was still more absurd. It was solemnly declared that he had put an image of the Virgin Mary in his boat when he went out on his sailing excursions! I have seen the image; it was a very beautiful work of art. Was Roland mad, to admire it and take it with him? His religious convictions leaned towards Catholicism. If he betrayed insanity in adorning his boat with an image of the Virgin Mary, what is the mental condition of most of the ladies in Christendom, who wear the cross as an ornament around their necks? We advanced these arguments in our petition after quoting the evidence of the witnesses. And, more than this, we even went the length of admitting, as an act of respect to the court, that my poor husband might be eccentric in some of his opinions and habits. But we put it to the authorities whether better results might not be expected from placing him under the care of a wife who loved him, and whom he loved, than from shutting him up in an asylum among incurable madmen as his companions for life.

Such was our petition, so far as I am able to describe it.

The decision rested with the Lords Justices. They decided against us.

Turning a deaf ear to our witnesses and our arguments, these merciless lawyers declared that the doctor's individual assertion of my husband's insanity was enough for them. They considered Roland's comfort to be sufficiently provided for in the asylum, with an allowance of £700 a year, and to the asylum they consigned him for the rest of his days.

So far as I was concerned, the result of this infamous judgment was to deprive me of the position of Roland's wife; no lunatic being capable of contracting marriage in law. So far as my husband was concerned, the result may be best stated in the language of a popular newspaper, which published an article on the case. "It is impossible," said the article—I wish I could personally thank the man who wrote it—"for the Court of Chancery to take a man who has a large fortune, and is in the prime of life, but is a little touched in the head, and make a monk of him, and then report to itself that the comfort and happiness of the lunatic have been effectually provided for at the expenditure of £700 a year."

Roland was determined, however, that they should not make a monk of him, and you may rely upon it, so was I.

But one alternative was left to us. The authority of the Court of Chancery (within its jurisdiction) is the most despotic authority on the face of the earth. Our one hope was in taking to flight. The price of our liberty, as citizens of England, was exile from our native country, and the entire abandonment of Roland's fortune. We accepted those

hard conditions. Hospitable America offered us a refuge, beyond the reach of mad-doctors and Lords Justices. To hospitable America our hearts turned as to our second country. The serious question was, how were we to get there?

We had attempted to correspond, and had failed. Our letters had been discovered, and seized by the proprietors of the asylum. Fortunately, we had taken the precaution of writing in a "cipher" of Roland's invention, which he had taught me before our marriage. Though our letters were illegible, our purpose was suspected as a matter of course, and a watch was kept on my husband, night and day.

Foiled in our first attempt at making arrangements secretly for our flight, we continued our correspondence (still in cipher) by means of advertisements in the newspapers. This second attempt was discovered in its turn. Roland was refused permission to subscribe to the newspapers, and was forbidden to enter the reading-room of the asylum.

These tyrannical prohibitions came too late. Our plans had already been communicated, we understood each other, and we had now only to bide our time. We had arranged that my brother and a friend of his, on whose discretion we could thoroughly rely, should take it in turns to watch every evening for a given time at an appointed meeting place, three miles distant from the asylum. The spot had been carefully chosen. It was on the bank of a lonely stream, and close to the outskirts of a thick wood. A waterproof knapsack, containing a change of clothes, a false beard and wig, and some biscuits and preserved meats, were hidden in a hollow tree. My brother and his friend always took their fishing-rods with them, and engaged in the innocent occupation of angling to any chance strangers who might pass within sight of them. On one occasion the proprietor of the asylum himself rode by my brother on the opposite side of the stream, and asked politely if he had had good sport!

For a fortnight these stalwart allies of ours relieved each other regularly on their watch—and no signs of the fugitive appeared. On the fifteenth evening, just as the twilight was changing into night, and just as my brother (whose turn it was) had decided on leaving the place, Roland suddenly joined him on the bank of the stream.

Without wasting a moment in words, the two at once entered the wood, and took the knapsack from its place of shelter in the hollow tree; in ten minutes more, my husband was dressed in a suit of workman's clothes, and was further disguised in the wig and beard. The two men set forth down the course of the stream, keeping in the shadow of the wood until the night had fallen and the darkness hid them. The night was cloudy; there was no moon. After walking two miles, or a little more, they altered their course, and made boldly for the high road to Manchester, entering it at a point some thirty miles distant from the city.

On their way from the wood, Roland described the manner in which he had effected his escape.

The story was simple enough. He had assumed

to be suffering from nervous illness, and had requested to have his meals in his own room. For the first fortnight the two men appointed to wait upon him in succession, week by week, were both more than his match in strength. The third man employed, at the beginning of the third week, was physically a less formidable person than his predecessors. Seeing this, Roland decided when evening came, on committing another "act of violence." In plain words, he sprang upon the keeper waiting on him in his room and gagged and bound the man. This done, he laid the unlucky keeper (face to the wall) on his own bed, covered with his own cloak, so that any one entering the room might suppose that he was lying down to rest. He had previously taken the precaution to remove the sheets from the bed, and he had now only to tie them together to escape by the window of his room, situated on the upper floor of the house. The sun was setting, and the inmates of the asylum were at tea. After narrowly missing discovery by one of the laborers employed in the grounds he had climbed the garden inclosure, and had dropped on the other side—a free man!

Arrived on the high road to Manchester, my husband and my brother parted.

Roland, who was an excellent walker, set forth on his way to Manchester on foot. He had food in his knapsack, and he proposed to walk some twelve or fifteen miles on the road to the city before he stopped at any town or village to rest. He had previously taken the precaution to remove

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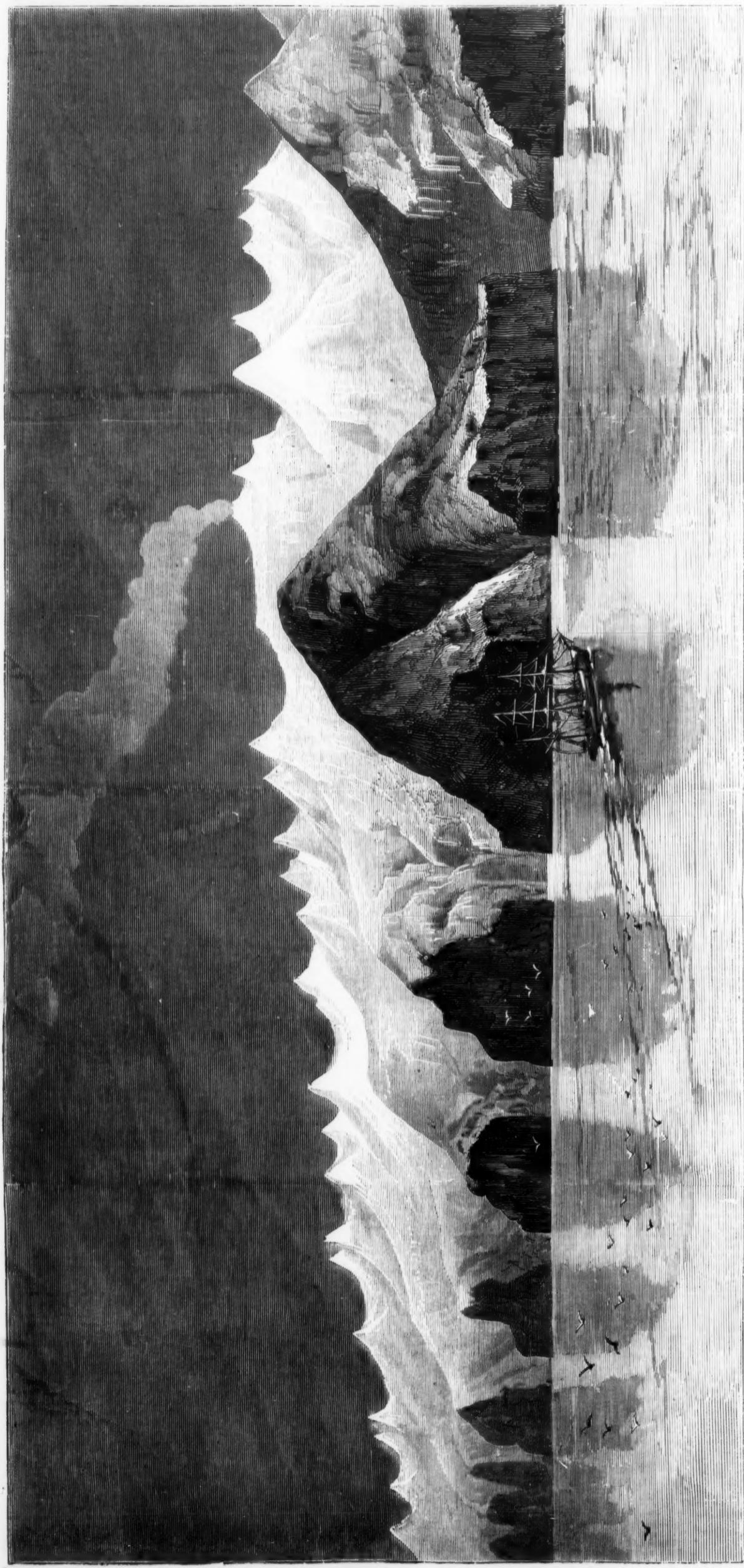
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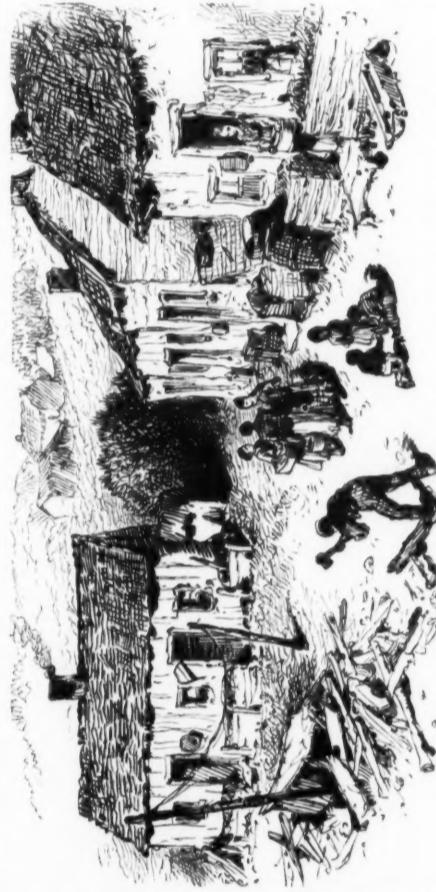


ALASKA TERRITORY, ON THE PACIFIC COAST—OUNALASHKA ISLAND AND MACRO-SHINSTA VOLCANO, IN THE ALEUTIAN GROUP.—SKETCHED BY W. H. ELLIOTT.

Volcanic eruptions are always present from the "Sewers" serious alterations cannot be denied. At Scranton, Carbonate, and other mining centers, preparations were made to prevent any general outbreak. The mass of testimony is favorable to the strikers thus far. We give a sketch of a collection of miners' huts near Scranton, where the heads of the families are quietly awaiting the results of the strike.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

SPECIAL efforts are now being made to raise funds to complete the monument to Washington, the corner-stone of which was laid generations ago. On Saturday evening, November 21st, the Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of the Metropolitan Church, in Washington, delivered an address in the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, in the presence of the President, his Cabinet, and many distinguished persons, in aid of the movement. The monument is located near the ball-ground just beyond the White House, on the site selected by Washington himself for the equestrian statue voted him by Congress at the close of the Revolutionary War. The aim of the Monument Association is to raise funds to insure



PENNSYLVANIA.—IN THE MINING REGION—MINERS' HOMES.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BECKER.

OUNALASHKA ISLAND AND VOLCANO, was seen to emit flame and discharge clouds of ashes and cinder-dust for several consecutive weeks, accompanied by earthquakes. To the east of this ten miles there is another volcano known as Acoon, which is also very active and conspicuous. Whether Nature has any purpose in view for the amelioration of temperature in these hyperborean latitudes, by lighting anew these subterranean fires, remains an open question for argument.

PREPARATIONS FOR WINTER RELIEF.

THE LADIES OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD MAKING CLOTHING FOR THE POOR.

MANY of our charitable ladies have concentrated their energies in St. John's Guild, and produced results only possible by systematic and combined effort. One commendable feature is the making of garments for the poor and destitute, and when the ladies meet to perform this grateful work—which, since the day that Mother Eve made the first charming suit of fig-leaves for herself and her spouse, seems suited to the daint hands of lovely women—the scene is picturesque and interesting.



NEW YORK CITY.—ST. JOHN'S GUILD—THE LADIES OF THE SOCIETY, AT THEIR MONDAY EVENING SEWING CIRCLE, MAKING GARMENTS FOR THE POOR.

the completion of the shaft by the Centennial; and it is to be hoped that this may be accomplished. An immense amount of money has been collected at various times during the present century; but there is little to show for it.

THE COURT OF ARBITRATION.

THE new Court of Arbitration, located in the building of the Chamber of Commerce, New York

City, was established by Act of the Legislature for the adjudication of mercantile disputes, and is presided over by Judge Fancher, of the Supreme Court. The room is large, comfortable, and made unusually attractive for a legal chamber by the presence of many elegant paintings and engravings. Through the operations of this Court, the others have already been relieved of hundreds of cases, thus insuring a more speedy and far more satisfactory transaction of business than has been known for many years.

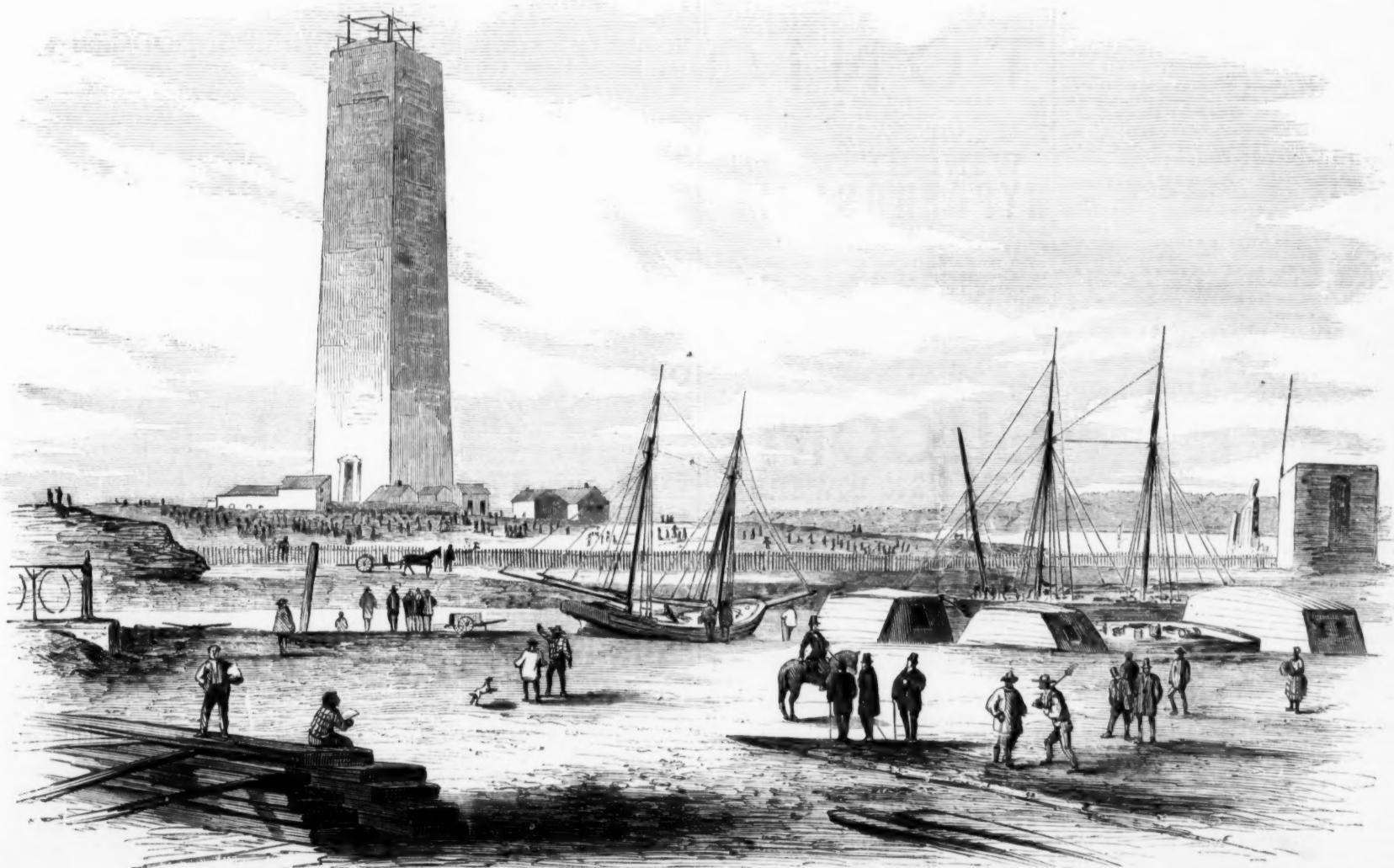
THE LADY WASHINGTON TEA PARTY.

IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AT the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, November 24th, the stately manners of our sedate grandfathers and dignified grandmothers were reproduced, with the added attractions of the graces of the man of the period and the fresh beauty of the modern belle, the occasion

being the entertainment given by the "Lady Washington Tea Party," in aid of the "Brooklyn Maternity."

The building was tastefully decorated with flags and banners, portraits and busts of Revolutionary worthies, and other appropriate auxiliaries, including a painted scene of Washington Crossing the Delaware. Over each table swung on a painted bannister the arms of one of the thirteen original States. The entertainment commenced with tea-drinking and ended with a dance, with a promenade



WASHINGTON, D. C.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, ON THE BASEBALL GROUND, NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY FRANK SCHELL.

concert between, like a musical sandwich. The music was furnished by Connero's Twenty-third Regiment Band in an admirable manner.

The tables, with ladies who presided at each, were as follows:

New Hampshire—Mrs. J. T. Howard, Jr., and Mrs. David Taylor.

Massachusetts—Mrs. G. S. Cary, J. H. Hart, and Mrs. A. C. Barnes.

Rhode Island—William A. Tyler, G. P. Sheldon, and Miss Robinson.

Connecticut—Mrs. J. T. Howard and Mrs. T. New.

New York—Mrs. N. T. Beers and Mrs. E. P. Bassett.

New Jersey—Mrs. D. A. Hewitt and Mrs. Radcliffe Baldwin.

Pennsylvania—Mrs. J. F. Whitney and Mrs. M. M. Voorhees.

Delaware—Mrs. William Tuttle, Mrs. C. C. Duke, and Mrs. W. P. Clyde.

Maryland—Mrs. H. T. Wing, Miss Leonard, and Miss Revere.

Virginia—Mrs. R. C. Moffatt and Mrs. Thomas Smith.

North Carolina—Mrs. C. R. Shaw, Mrs. S. D. Bigelow, and Mrs. New.

South Carolina—Mrs. W. W. Goodrich and Mrs. C. P. Farnald.

Georgia—Mrs. W. G. Gilbert and Mrs. D. V. Bennett.

The fires of patriotism were stimulated and encouraged by copious draughts of tea, which, ever since the day that the Mohawks threw the chests into Boston Harbor, has been connected in all patriotic minds with thoughts of the "times that tried men's souls." Many of the ladies and gentlemen present wore the picturesque costume of the days of '76, and although the incongruity of a Revolutionary father with a finely trimmed mustache, or matron of the olden time with modern trinkets and jewelry, could occasionally be seen, the effect of brocade gowns, powdered hair, knee-breeches, quilted petticoats, blue and buff coats, and other features of the costume of the last century, was sufficient to recall the days when the heroes of our struggle for liberty, and their stately dames and lovely daughters, added lustre and grace to the Republican Court of our first President.

As the night wore on, and the dancing commenced, the dignity of the past faded away, and the graces and frivolities of the present stepped in. We fear that the materialized spirit of one of our worthy ancestors would have found it difficult to recognize in the "Tik-Tak" or "Amaranth" Galop, or "Wiener Blut" Waltz, any similarity to the antique Minuet or the conventional Quadrille they trod when in the flesh.

Take it all in all, the entertainment was a great success. It was in aid of a commendable charity, was managed with taste and energy, and was enjoyed by many of the best citizens of Brooklyn and New York; and we hope that the result was favorable for the treasury of the "Brooklyn Maternity."

TAKE NOTICE.

THERE will be no further postponement of the Fifth Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. It will take place positively November 30th. We state these facts in answer to numberless letters from subscribers.

NOW THAT it is what we call hard times, it is well to know that "the Economic," manufactured by Mr. Ambrose E. Barnes, 438 Pearl Street, combines the advantages of Wardrobe, Bureau, Washstand, Towel-bars, Looking-glass and Bookshelves all in one. The price is within the reach of all—ranging from \$18 to \$35. Mr. Barnes received the highest furniture premium at the late American Institute Fair.

SNOWFLAKES.

"AROSE" by any other name would be "got up." An Indiana father crawled under a corn-crib and wept when his daughter married an astronomer.

JOSH BILLINGS says that in the beds of many hotels "yu sleep sun, but roll over a good deal."

INSTANCES of men who go down on a piece of orange-peel and get up and think as much of themselves as they did before are rare.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

A MICHIGAN man has hit upon a happy expedient for getting rid of the rheumatism. He crowded it down to his two fingers, and then had them amputated.

We are indebted to our energetic young friend, Clem Gwin, for two handsome new water-buckets. May it be a century before he kicks one.—*Mobile Register*.

If you want to know whether your grandmother was cross-eyed, or where your great-uncle stood in the arithmetic class, just run for office, and you'll know it all.

A JERSEY CITY lawyer was making a high-flown speech the other day, telling about angels' tears, weeping willows and tombstones, when his Honor said: "Confine yourself to the dog-knight."

JOHN FRODE is no more. You probably didn't know him. He lived in Western Missouri, and on entering the smoke-house of a friend to see how the hams got along a trap-gun blew his head off.

A LITTLE Vermont girl called at a drug-store and said, "My mother wants ten cents worth of jumps." This astonished the clerk. The child insisted that it was jumps she had been sent for, but returned to her mother for further instructions. Very soon she came back and said it was hops that she wanted.

A LOUISVILLE papa did not seriously object to the proposed elopement of his daughter with a drygoods clerk. Happening to get wind of the plan, he merely lay in wait for Augustus, and sent him away with the impression that a remarkable healthy young mule had played tattoo with his heels under his coat-tails.

A WEDDING that was to have occurred this week has been indefinitely postponed because the mother-in-law-elect heard that her daughter's future husband had an uncle somewhere a cashier in a bank. She said there were sure to be "irregularities" sooner or later, and she didn't want the family implicated in any scandal.'

"PA," said Mrs. Sprilkins, glancing up from a perusal of the thrilling pages of last year's speeches on the Crédit Mobilier, "what does it mean to put your money where it will do the most good?" "Utilize, my dear, utilize," replied her loving spouse; "that's what it means." "I don't, neither!" screamed Mrs. S., with tears of rage; "I never told one in my life, you heartless wretch!" and Sprilkins just dodged in time to let a volume of "Congressional Debates" graze his *os frontis* and pass through a front window-pane.

A FEMALE writer, speaking of affinities, observes that a woman now and then meets a man to whom she can truthfully say: "On the barren shores of time, oh, my soul's kinsman! I have found in thee my 'pearl of great price,' and there is nothing more precious out of heaven." I have no doubt that this is the case, and while I would not rudely mar the sweet poetic beauty of the picture thus summed up, my experience teaches me that the women who begin by talking in this sugary manner are usually prone to throw skillets and flat-irons at "their soul's kinsman" after marriage, and to growl at the "pearl of great price" because he comes to bed with his feet cold.

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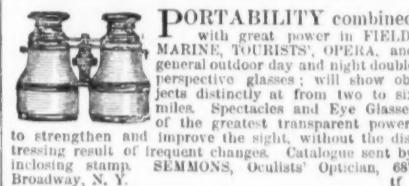
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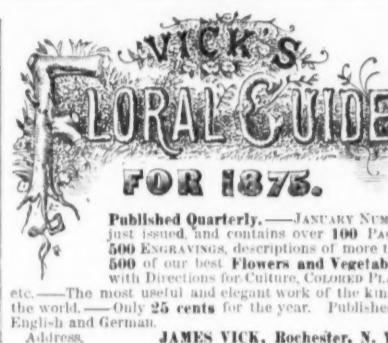
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To the Holders of Tickets to the Grand
Gift Concert of the Masonic Relief
Association of Norfolk, Va.

OFFICE OF THE MASONIC RELIEF
ASSOCIATION OF NORFOLK, VA.
NORFOLK, November 18, 1871.

The Board of Directors of this Association, feeling as sure that the patrons of their enterprise and the public generally are satisfied that in its management the interests of all concerned will be strictly guarded with honesty and fairness; and relying upon the belief that all who have aided us in our effort to complete the Masonic Temple in this city are willing to rely upon our judgment as to the expediency of another postponement for a few days, notwithstanding our announcement that the Concert will positively be given on the 19th inst., have decided that a short delay will be more satisfactory to all holders of tickets than to have a partial drawing on Thursday next.

The following reasons have induced us to this action:

First—While our receipts have been large, they have not been of sufficient amount to enable us to give a full drawing.

Second—A drawing on the 19th inst. would not yield enough to accomplish the object for which our Association was organized and chartered;

Third—The encouragement which we have received convinces us that in forty days more we shall, without any failure, give a drawing which in its results will be acceptable to all our friends.

We have therefore fixed upon

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29th,

As the day when the Concert and Distribution will take place, whether all the tickets are sold or not, or the money will be refunded upon application and presentation of the tickets at the Agency where purchased.

By order of the Board of Directors,

HENRY V. MOORE, Secretary.

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TO FRANK LESLIE'S
NEWSPAPER

No. 1,002.—VOL. XXXIX |

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

THE KING OF NO-LAND

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Grif," "Blade-o-Grass," "Jessie Trim," "Golden Grain," &c., &c.

X.

(CONTINUED.)

DAME ENDIVE'S eyes are now, in fact, peering down the road for her son, who is not due for a long time yet. It wants an hour to noon, and half an hour after noon the dinner will be ready, and then the rest of the day will be spent in quiet holiday fashion in honor of Bluebell. Soon Bluebell gathers up her work, and goes into the cottage to look after the dinner. Before she quits the porch, she also looks down the lane.

"Do you see him coming, my dear?" asks the old woman.

Bluebell blushes, and shakes her head. When she is inside the cottage, Dame Endive grows garrulous over the virtues and accomplishments of her son, and dilates with pardonable pride upon the estimation in which he is held by all who know him. Bluebell listens, and says, "Yes, yes," to everything the old woman advances, and Dame Endive gazes on her with secret delight and pleasure.

Coltsfoot and Robin come. Each has flowers for Bluebell. She selects two of the prettiest, one from each bunch, and twines them in her hair. Robin is a strong sun-burnt man now. Woodman as he is, he belongs to the thinking classes, for he has his grievance—that two shillings a week more, which is to set everything right. He gives Bluebell a sounding kiss, and wipes his lips afterwards. A strong yearning comes into Coltsfoot's face as he takes Bluebell's hand in his, and wishes her joy. As he stands thus, his old mother calls out:

"What! and not kiss her on such a day as this? Well, if I was a man!"

Whereupon Bluebell holds up her face, and he touches her cheek with his lips. The old woman cackles and laughs.

"May your life contain much brightness, Bluebell!" says Coltsfoot tenderly.

She answers sweetly, and bustles about to hide a tear. Joy and melancholy hold subtle relationship with each other.

Along the fragrant lane, in the direction of the cottage, Sassafras is strolling. When he is within hail of it he pauses and looks fondly about him. The beauty of nature sinks into his soul, and breathes peace into it. He sighs with a sense of relief, as he thinks that he is here, unknown and free, away from the cares and griefs which weigh so heavily upon him. "Has any other man," he murmurs, "ever so fully appreciated the pleasures of obscurity?" The reflection inspires the pleasure of serious thought. He shakes it off. "Thank God," he says, "to-day I am not a king!"

He approaches nearer to the cottage; enters the porch. They within see his face at the window, and they all smile a welcome. Bluebell runs to open the door for him. He also has a flower for her; it is a rosebud with a small piece of rosemary attached. She places it in her bosom, and in a few moments they are all sitting down to dinner, and Sassafras is declaring that the peas are the sweetest that he has ever tasted.

"And I'll wager," he says, "that I know who gathered them."

"Yes, yes," cackles the old woman. "Bluebell gathered them. My old joints are stiff. I can't stoop as I used to."

Robin is full of a subject which interests him hugely. For some time past there had been rumors that the laborers in No land—those who tilled and plowed—were becoming dissatisfied with their condition, and that very week news had come that in a village hard by thirty of them had refused to do any more work for their masters, the farmers, unless they had two shillings a week more. Robin shows himself to be quite a politician as he descants upon this theme, but the others decline to be drawn into conversation upon the subject. Sassafras certainly says that for his part he thinks he should like to be a woodman. Bluebell's eyes sparkle.

"Eh," says Robin, "but your hands are too soft." "They would soon grow hard," replies Sassafras.

Then Robin recalls the day on which they had first met, and tells, for the hundredth time, what a queer chap he thought Sassafras was.

"He didn't know naught," cries Robin, with a snap of his fingers; "he was the ignoranter chap I ever clapped eyes on!"

After dinner they sat in the porch, talking. Sassafras listens and says very little. He sits next to Bluebell, and this for him is sufficient happiness. There is to him something sacred in the very touch of this young girl's cotton dress; and if their fingers meet—as they do sometimes—every nerve in him thrills. Robin succeeds in drawing Coltsfoot out upon his pat theme. Coltsfoot, who knows the exact state of affairs, sympathizes with the men, and wishes that their reasonable demands had been complied with. Their condition he describes as lamentable.

"They are waking up now though," shouts Robin triumphantly.

"But notwithstanding that they have reason and justice on their side," observes Coltsfoot, "they have a hard battle to fight. The issue in the end cannot be doubted, but they will have to suffer. One does not need much for comfort and happiness in this world, and a man can do very well on a little; but these men certainly have not enough,

and certainly are most unfairly paid for their labor. We'll say no more on the subject: this is not the day for its discussion."

In the afternoon they stroll through the fields and the woods, and Robin and Bluebell point out many wonders by the way. They are the happiest of the happy. Coltsfoot's usually grave face breaks into smiles, and he joins in the innocent merriment with the light spirits of a boy.

"I know where there is an echo," says Sassafras.

"Let us go there," cries Bluebell, clapping her hands.

They make their way through tangled brushwood, Sassafras leading. Now and then he turns, and assists Bluebell. With her hand in his he helps her to overcome obstacles.

"Eternity must be filled with such days as this," he says.

Bluebell sighs a happy assent. Now and then Sassafras runs to help Dame Endive.

"Thank you, my dear," she says: "it is fit that the young should help the old."

Coltsfoot hears this. "You are right, mother," he says; "and the rich, the poor; the wise, the ignorant."

"Too much wisdom is a dangerous thing," observes Sassafras. He is in the humor to say anything daring.

Now they are standing on a slight elevation. A few hundred yards away, where the land slopes towards a wood, rich with the richest treasures of the seasons, lies echo-land. Thitherward they walk briskly, and in another moment the inspired hollow speaks and laughs and sings.

"Hush!" calls out Sassafras, with assumed solemnity.

"Hush!" responds the hollow solemnly.

They gather about Sassafras. Coltsfoot regards him and Bluebell attentively: Bluebell has eyes for no one but him; Dame Endive, leaning on her crutch-stick, peers up at him from beneath her spectacles; Robin waves his arms, and is about to utter some wild words, when Sassafras, with his fingers on his lips, says almost in a whisper:

"Speak low, or the old fellow will hear you."

"What old fellow?" asks Robin, with a laugh.

The old fellow who is hiding behind that clump of trees beyond. Did you not hear him call out to us? Hush! You look incredulous. Because you do not see, you think there is no old fellow there. But I declare he is there—an old gray-haired man, with serious eyes and a long beard. He bade us Hush! because we were too merry. He has been there ever so many hundred years. The wood is haunted, and the old graybeard is but one of a great many of spirits who retreat into the hollows at the first sound of human footsteps. His voice is harsh and strong, but he has children whose softer voices mock the sighing wind as it glides past them."

"A pretty fancy," says Coltsfoot, regarding Sassafras with tender interest, and yet with a strange admixture of seriousness.

A solemn look is in Bluebell's eyes as Sassafras describes the echo-king, and Sassafras, seeing this, breaks into a laugh, which is so contagious that, like magic, the hollow is filled with merry sound.

"Hark!" he cries, holding up again a warning finger. "Those are the young spirits who are laughing. There are merry ones, and old ones, if we cou't only see them."

"What are they like?" asks Bluebell, bending towards him, her face flushed with excitement.

"What are they like?"

"Some of them are almost as pretty as Bluebell here. They have sparkling eyes, and in the golden hair which floats down to their feet sun-sparkles chase each other. In the Summer they sing with the birds. It is they who drink the dew from the leaves."

"And in the Winter?"

"They bind their hair with garlands and holly and laurel, and enchant into beautiful devices the hoar-frost on the branches of the trees. They peep into the icicles, and melt them with the fire of their eyes. If they hear any one laugh, they laugh and are happy. Then the old fellow with the long beard shivers and grunts and stamps his feet and blows upon his fingers. I like best to hear the young spirits. One night we will come here and watch them when they do not think we are looking."

Then Sassafras turns to Bluebell, and asks in a tender tone if she will sing a song, and Bluebell in a sweet voice sings, and the hollow echoes her song, but not so sweetly:

All things are fair;
Nature rejoices;
Valley and hill
Thrill with sweet voices.
All things are fair.

Sweet is the air;
Now and for ever;
Heart whispers low,
Change will come never;
All things are fair.

Look where I will,
Sunlight's bright glances
Fill me with joy.
How my heart dances!
All things are fair.

"That is my son's song," says Dame Endive to Sassafras, with a proud look at Coltsfoot: "he wrote it for Bluebell."

"Your son is a poet."

"He is anything he likes," responds the fond mother; "he knows a mighty deal. He's a man: there isn't a cleverer in No-land. Where he got all his learning from, gracious only knows, for I'm no scholar. But knowledge comes to him as seeks, I suppose. Ah, the nights he sat up when he was a lad!"

"You must not credit all that my mother says about me," says Coltsfoot, joining them. "Mothers are over-fond. I guess he's a poet, and he says right. He's a lad of sense."

Coltsfoot shakes his head.

"Because of my simple lines? Nay, if there is a poet among us, it is our dear friend here, who has just woven such pretty fancies out of the echoes. There is nothing fanciful in my verses. They fit Bluebell. All things are fair to her. I wrote them when I was in a happy, hopeful mood."

He utters these last words in a saddened tone, which, as the breeze awakes the lyre, stirrs the mother's heart, and causes her to look with sudden apprehension into the face of her son; from his face her eyes wander to the face of Sassafras, and a frowning light shines in them. Coltsfoot, self-engrossed in painful thought, does not observe these signs. "Come, mother," he says, "you and I will stroll quietly to some shady nook, and sit there; I want to talk to you where there are no echoes."

"Ay, my son," she replies, tenderly and pitifully; "a mother's love'll not fail you."

Mother and son walk away; Robin is wondering by himself in the woods; Sassafras and Bluebell are left alone.

"This sweetest of days," murmurs Sassafras, in a tone which trembles from excess of feeling, "has filled my life with tender memories."

They walk slowly, as in a dream, and Bluebell presently seats herself upon the mossed outspread trunk of a grand old tree; Sassafras lies on the ground at her feet. A spiritual beauty dwells in Bluebell's face; her soul is in perfect harmony with the beauty of the day. Her hands are resting on her lap; Sassafras, timidly and with beating heart, lays his hand upon hers, and softly imprisons it. She trembles and looks down, but she does not shrink from him. Her pure soul trusts in him utterly. Thus they sit in silence for fully half an hour, which seems but a few moments, the time flies so swiftly. But when a falling leaf, or the fluttering of a bird's wings, disturb the time current of her waking dream, Bluebell sees the eyes of Sassafras gazing so earnestly and tenderly into hers, that a new-born joy awakes in her heart, and her gentle breast is stirred by an emotion so exquisitely sweet as to border almost upon pain.

"If it were so, Bluebell," whispers Sassafras, "if it were so! Now and for ever, heart whispers low, change will come never! If change would never come! If we could remain thus for ever! How fair, how beautiful is the world!"

Bluebell looks upwards.

"There is a fairer world even than this," she says softly.

"I could kneel at your feet, and pray."

He does kneel at her feet, and clasps her hands, which she yields willingly to him.

"If during the moments that are now passing we ourselves should pass away, then death would surely be beautiful."

"Why speak of death?" says Bluebell. "Why wish for it? The world is very good. God saw that it was so."

They fall into silence again for a brief space; but the lengthening shadows of the trees warn Sassafras that they must soon depart. He raises himself closer to Bluebell, and invites her to stroll to a peep of sunlight in the distance. They walk hand in hand towards a small glade; the trees, which form a semi-circle, throw quaint shadows on the ground.

"One can fancy the echo-spirits dancing here," says Sassafras. "On the moonlight night the shadows of the trees moving in the wind would present a strange and weird-like appearance. Bluebell, I have not wished you happy returns of the day. I do so now, dear. May they all be as happy as this has been!"

She thanks him sweetly, and says that it is not to be expected. Life has its duties and cares; she knows this, not from her own experience, for everybody is very good to her, but from what Coltsfoot has told her.

"Yes," he says, "life has its cares and duties. But if love sweetens them—"

What words are spoken immediately after these neither of them ever remembers, except that he tells her he loves her, and that she, in perfect innocence and trustfulness, gives herself up to him; then, with his arms around her dear form, he kisses her lips for the first time, and they walk slowly homewards to the cottage, with a heaven of happiness in their hearts. The changing color of the clouds, the cooling of the birds, the worshipful swaying and murmuring of the branches, the fluttering of the leaves, and the other beautiful evidences of a benevolent Creator which proclaim themselves wherever the lovers look or tread, seem to smile upon them, to be made for them. So they wander back to the old country lane, Sassafras leading Bluebell over tangled brushwood, and beneath bending branches which cling to the young girl's hair as though they were loath to lose her.

* * * * *

Later in the evening, Bluebell and Sassafras stood side by side within the shadow of the cottage porch. It was time for them to part, and still they

tarried, saying good-night again and again. The moon came out, and shone upon an orange-tree in the little garden; eyes of pale golden light gleamed among the branches.

"You must go, you must go," Bluebell whispered, and still she clung to him.

At length she turned from him with lingering steps.

"Good-night," she said.

"Good-night, darling! God protect you! You are mine now, mine!"

"Yes, I am yours," she sighed, happily.

He bent his head, and they kissed. Then Bluebell glided swiftly from his embrace, and went into the house, and Sassafras, stepping into the light, saw Dame Endive watching him. She was standing a few paces away, and there was trouble in her eyes. Sassafras was uncertain how to act, but she decided for him.

"Come into the kitchen," said the old woman, "and speak low, so that she shall not hear us."

He followed her into the sanded kitchen, and the old woman laid her crutch aside, and sat down, with face averted from him. When she turned, he saw her running down her old cheeks.

"This is the first time, dame," he said; "I didn't know until to-day that she loved me."

Dame Endive swayed to and fro in deep distress, and a feeble wail escaped from her.

"Oh, my son! my son!" she moaned.

Sassafras knew immediately the cause of her grief, and in the midst of his own happiness his heart grew heavy.

"He loved her!" she said, in a suppressed tone, with jealous fierceness. "And you knew it—you knew it!"

"Nay, dame," he answered, with a spasm in his throat. "I did not know it. Alas! my best and only friend!"

"You are no friend of his," hissed Dame Endive.

"You are a thief, and you have stolen his happiness! She would have loved him but for you. Oh, why did you come among us—why did you come? I hate you—I hate you! And if you tell him I said so, I'll die, and curse you with my dying breath!"

"I'll not tell him," said Sassafras, gently and pitifully; "but do not think so hardly of me. Where is Coltsfoot?"

"He bade me see you before you left. He wishes to speak to you. You will find him at the bottom of the lane."

"I will go to him. Good-night, dame."

But she waved him fiercely away, and as he left the room he again heard her moan. "Oh, my son!

Coltsfoot was waiting for Sassafras. The two men regarded each other with earnest looks. Neither strove to hide his thoughts from the other. But Coltsfoot was the more cheerful of the two.

"Ah," he said, "my mother has given you more than my simple message."

"She told me you wished to see me."

"She told me something more," Sassafras was silent. "Well, I would rather she had not spoken; but you must forgive the mother. Old age has its weaknesses. When we are old men, we shall perhaps babble indiscreetly. And then, dear friend, a mother does not reason."

"Why was I fate to bring unhappiness into the life of my friend?" cried Sassafras mournfully; "into the life of the man whom I love and honor more than all others in the world!"

with the form of government under which they lived, and under which they undoubtedly enjoyed many advantages of which the people of other nations were not in possession. These Reformers, as they styled themselves, sprang chiefly from the ranks of the people, and were proud of the association of a few fine minds from the higher classes of society. Notwithstanding their opinions, they were good citizens; they were hard workers, they led peaceful lives, and reasoned out matters for themselves, according to their lights, in a calm and sensible manner.

But, unfortunately for their cause, it was surrounded by excesses which gave it an unwholesome appearance. The Quamoclit and Whortleberries of No-land fastened themselves to it, and the consequence was that a thimbleful of common sense was hidden in a gallon of bubble and froth. The one great institution, of course, which was the object of general attack was the institution of Royalty. "Do away with kings and queens," said the agitators; "destroy the false theory that because a man is born into Royalty it is imperative he should be maintained in costly and idle luxury by a down-trodden people, and the misery and distress which now overwhelm the nation will disappear, as smoke does before the wind." Everything seemed to favor the agitators. The value of money had decreased in No-land, and all the necessities of life were steadily rising in price, so that it took thirty shillings to buy to-day what twenty shillings would have purchased a dozen years ago. The working men, as a natural consequence, asked for higher wages, which in every instance was refused to them. "Ah," groaned the Quamoclit and Whortleberries, "crushed, oppressed, ground down again! Poor, suffering masses, when will you obtain your rights?"

"We'll work no longer," cried the working men, "until we are fairly paid for our work!" The masters still resisted, and the men left the workshops. Convinced that their demands were fair and reasonable, the hearts of these men turned bitter towards those of the higher orders who employed them, and they were, in a measure, driven into demagogism. In this way the Quamoclit and Whortleberries gained many recruits. Other strikes in other parts of the country occurred. The agricultural laborers rose, and demanded their rights as men. A disclosure of the circumstances of their lives from their cradles to their graves showed a miserable state of things; they were ignorant, muddle-headed, underpaid, and they lived through all their lives in the worst form of slavery which man can suffer—in a state of helpless pauperism. When the history of No-land comes to be written by a competent and impartial person (if history ever is written in any but a partisan spirit) the condition of the kingdom of No-land, so far as concerns these matters, will be more fully dilated upon: in the meantime the few preceding lines must be accepted as a faithful, if not a satisfactory, index to the state of affairs.

Sassafras, seeking for guidance among his counselors and for an honest solution of these troubles, was temporized with and lightly put off. He was bidden not to vex himself with these small concerns. Yet they were not entirely indifferent to the signs of the times. "Measures must be adopted," they said to one another, "to counteract the influence of these small agitators. The sentiment of loyalty must be stirred into active life in the breasts of the people. The King must go about more than he does."

Sassafras submitted to them; he went about more; his soul was wearied with pageants; and one day, as he sat in his carriage, he was shot at. The bullet missed him; but his heart was sorely wounded. "How my people must hate me!" he thought, with bitterness. The loyal papers bristled with indignation, and with expressions of love and devotion for his person, they denounced the would-be assassin as a monster, whose name would be infamous through all time; and as usual they went to violent extremes. Sassafras read all these papers, and even insisted upon privately seeing the monster who had attempted his life.

"Your Majesty," implored Lord Crabtree; "such a thing was never heard of in history!"

"Is there such a thing as the history of the human heart?" demanded Sassafras bitterly. "I decline any longer to be guided by precedents of which neither my heart nor conscience can approve. I will see this man."

"He is a monster of the deepest dye," entreated Lord Crabtree, in melodramatic language; "nay, perhaps, a madman—"

"The more is he to be pitied," said Sassafras firmly. "Your remonstrances are useless, my lord. I will see him."

But king as he was, he would have been unable to carry out his design had he not promised that he would not disclose to the man that he was the King. This promise he gave—and broke. At the door of the cell he halted, and would not allow a single person to enter with him. When he closed the door, he saw before him, seated by a table which was fastened to the ground, a man in rags, with a wild and haggard face.

"Do you know me?" asked Sassafras.

"No," was the reply.

"I am the King."

The man looked at Sassafras steadily, with a frown on his face.

"I am sorry for you," he said.

"And not for yourself?"

"No; I have nothing to reproach myself with."

"Not for attempting the life of one whose face you do not know when you look upon it?"

"I did not shoot at the man; I shot at the King. If I had succeeded, there would have been a king less in the world."

"You hate kings?"

"I hate them."

"They say you are mad."

"So I have heard; they might be right—by-and-by; they are not quite right at present." He pressed his hand upon his forehead, as though to crush back oppressive thought. "I am trying to keep my reason; I may lose it soon."

There was not the slightest wandering in his speech, and his features were firm-set; but it was evident that it was only by the strongest effort of will that he retained his composure. He was a man of forty years of age.

"It is a great honor," he said, with a scornful smile, "for me to receive a visit from the King. May I ask for what purpose you come?"

"To appeal to you," said Sassafras, earnestly: "to ask you what wrong I have done you that you should attempt my life. I do not know you; I have never seen your face before to-day. Your features are strange to me. Tell me in what way I have wronged you."

There was a pause of a few moments' duration.

"You come to appeal to me!" then said the prisoner. "You!"

"Yes; as man to man."

A laugh that was like a groan escaped from the prisoner's lips.

"Look you!" he said, fiercely battling down his agitation; "if you destroy my consciousness of right I shall go mad before your eyes. Come closer to me; I do not know what I am about

to say, but there are listeners outside that door, and I do not choose that they shall hear me. Oh, do not fear! I cannot harm you. See: they have chained me to the leg of the table, and I cannot move six inches from my seat. It was done an hour before you came, for your protection, as I now can understand. At other times my limbs are free. My hands also are handcuffed; you can approach me with safety."

Sassafras went to the door of the cell, and threw it open.

"My interview is not yet at an end," he said to the attendants. "Where is the jailer? Remove that man's chains. Unclasp his hands."

They hesitated to obey him; but he would not be denied. The prisoner's limbs were set free; the door of the cell was closed again, and only they two were within the four walls.

"Now," said Sassafras, stepping close to the prisoner, "as man to man!"

The prisoner turned deathly white, and his form trembled; thus he stood before Sassafras, uncertain how to act, uncertain what to say.

"Have you a wife?" asked Sassafras.

The prisoner suppressed a spasmodic cry. "I had; she is dead, thank God!"

"Children?" asked Sassafras, in a soft and pitying tone.

"I had one—he is dead, thank God!"

"You thank God for those afflictions?"

"Ay, most sincerely! You appeal to me, as man to man. You want me to tell you what wrong you have done me. Be it so. I will tell you. Not long since I was a married man, with a wife whom I loved, and who, I believe, loved me. Two years after our marriage she bore a child. I was a workman on the estate of a certain nobleman whose name would blister my tongue, were I to utter it; if you ask the police—to whom I am well known—they will tell you his name. He holds high rank in your court; his name is mentioned in the papers frequently with credit. What wonder? He is a nobleman. His son came of age; there were great feasts on the estate. My wife and I were present, with every other person who was connected in any way with this nobleman's property. My wife was a pretty woman. I have never seen a prettier. This nobleman's son spoke to me, to her—he did us greater honor; he danced with her in the evening at the ball given to the tenants and the work-people. See you now; no word of sentiment or passion shall pass my lips; I will tell you my story reasonably and coldly. It is fair that I should say that I never cared for kings and queens; but having my work to do and being fairly happy, I did not enter deeply into the question; it is no business of mine, thought I. Well, then, so it was, until this young cub came of age, and courted my wife by stealth, and turned her head. At the end of twelve months she left me, secretly. I was not allowed to remain long in doubt as to the man. I went to the father; he received me civilly enough. 'What do you want?' he asked, when he had heard my complaint. 'Justice,' I replied; what other reply could I give? I can see now that it was not a practical demand; but I was blind at the time. I asked him to tell me where I could find his son; he refused. I spoke hotly, and he, not recognizing that I had justification for my passion in the wrong his son had inflicted upon me, turned me from his doors. I forgot now whether I threatened him; I think I must have done so, for not only was I dismissed from my employment, but from that day I was conscious that I was being watched by the police as a dangerous person. I had saved a little money, and I went to the lawyers for justice. What kind of justice? Well, I could expose this viper, and disgrace him. I was mistaken. Where I spent one pound, the other side spent a hundred. Where I had one lawyer, they had ten. You couldn't see justice through their black gowns. My money was soon spent, and my lawyer said he could not proceed without means. I don't blame the lawyer; I blame the machinery. And yet the lawyers are smooth to rich and poor alike. It is not. It is a rocky road, and a rich man can pay for the removal of the placing of obstacles, while a poor man's heart is broken before he walks a dozen yards towards the shadow of Justice that stands in the distance. 'Fight for me,' says this shadow. But the odds should be equal. What occurs when twelve armed men fight one? I wrote to the papers; they took no notice. I wrote to persons in authority; I received no answer. My heart was turning bitter, and I was beginning to starve, for I could obtain no employment. While in this condition I met the young viper, smiling, well-dressed, enjoying life. Infamed—justly infamed—I struck him, not lightly. I was dragged to the police court, and imprisoned for three months. I saw the case in the papers afterwards, with the heading, 'Savage assault on a young gentleman.' I came out of prison, and I made the acquaintance of an old man, a Republican. Still did I think I might obtain justice. He laughed at me, and taunted me with the holes in my pockets. 'Be a scoundrel and rich,' he said, 'and you shall eat of the best. Be a scoundrel and poor, and you shall live on prison fare.' I was now a suspected person. The eyes of the police were never off me; yet I did not relax my efforts. I wrote again and again to judges, to law-officers, to noblemen, asking for justice; asking that the man who had ruined me should be punished. Silence was my answer. 'Will you never believe,' said my friend, 'that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich, in No-land?' Then he showed me in plain print, how the complex machinery of the law was made to defeat justice when two men appeared before the tribunal, one with a full, the other with an empty, purse: he showed me how, after a case appeared to be settled and a decision was given, rules for new motions, new trials, injunctions, arguments, and God knows what all, were set in motion, until the weakest went to the wall! 'And, observe,' he said, 'these obstacles to justice are not open to the poor man, for they are so beautifully framed as to cost much money.' He showed me more than this; he showed me how the judges in one court upset the decisions of the judges in another; how they all sat together again, and agreed upon second judgment; and how a judge in a higher court reversed their judgment, and so complicated the case that it would cost thousands of pounds before the matter could be got out of its desperate tangle. But I weary myself with these details. My heart was sore; my soul was sick: my body was enfeebled by want. I was brought to the police court again for writing what they called threatening letters. The magistrate paid me a high compliment. He said, 'I am sorry to see a man who can express himself so well conduct himself so disgracefully; but society must be protected—three months.' You see what a misfortune it was to me that my parents had given me an education. Can you tell me, up to this point of my career, of what crime I had been guilty? 'What will you do now?' asked my friend, at the end of the three months. 'There is but one source to appeal to now.' I answered; 'I will appeal to the head of all; I will appeal to the King.' I sat down, and wrote a fair statement of my case, and sent it to

the King of No-land. Silence. I wrote again. Silence. Again, again, again! Silence, silence, silence! I might as well have asked the stars to answer me. The King was as far removed from his people as they are. 'Well?' said my friend. I could not answer him; I was almost choked with rage. 'So,' he said scornfully, 'you appealed to the King in the cause of virtue and morality! You thought in that general cause he would take up your case. You fool! Do you think he is a respecter of women?' And then he related incidents in the King's licentious life, which proved to me how vain it was for me to appeal for justice there. My friend worked upon this theme until, looking upon the King as the head of these evils, I grew to hate him with a deep, unquenchable hate. My child died literally of starvation. I thanked the King for it. My wife died. I thanked the King for it. Want was my portion; sleep deserted me. I thanked the King for it. 'Shall I die,' I asked myself, 'and end my pain?' Yes, I decided that I would. But I would first rid the world of a monster, and avenge myself. I made the attempt, and failed; I am more than satisfied now to say Good-bye to the world and its monstrous cruelties. And if there be a Judgment Seat in the Hereafter, I will appear before it, and tell my story there."

He ceased, and silence reigned for many moments; the hearts of both these men were sorely agitated—one with passion and despair, the other with grief and commiseration.

"The stories you heard about me are false," said Sassafras, very sadly, when he was able to control his emotion: "I never saw one of your letters. I pity you from my heart."

The man turned his face doggedly to the wall, and rested his head upon his arm. Sassafras waited for the man to speak, but he waited in vain. He continued then, scarce knowing what he said, but his words were very gentle, and were such as one might have spoken to a brother. Still the man remained obstinate, and hid his face.

"Can I do nothing for you?" asked Sassafras.

"You can," then replied the man, turning his haggard face to the King; "two things."

"Tell me what they are."

"You will do them."

"It is in my power."

"It is in your power. First—let the judges condemn me to instant death. I want to die. Let no false clemency be shown to me, and do not allow me in my condition to be condemned to a worse torture than death—to a life-imprisonment, where I may eat my heart away. I am not mad—I am sane as you or they are. Second—remove yourself from my presence, and mock me no longer with your pitying words. They come too late!"

XII.

THE KING NARRATES TO THE COURT PARASITES THE PARABLE OF THE TREES.

FTER this interview, so deep a melancholy took possession of Sassafras as to augur the most serious results if measures were not adopted to counteract it. He wandered about the palace, pale, dejected, and suffering. He was at war with himself and the world. His counselors endeavored to divert his mind from melancholy, but all their efforts to woo him to cheerfulness were vainly made. At this time they themselves began to be a little disturbed by the proceedings of the Quamoclit and Whortleberries, and they decided that there was but one means by which this slight disaffection might be overcome and the personal condition of their sovereign improved; the King must marry. The rejoicings attendant upon such an occasion would be certain to restore the fading loyalty of the people. They made a list of all the available foreign princesses. Princess This, Princess That, Princess T'other. They selected one in every way fit, according to their opinion, and called a private Cabinet Council, at which the King was present, and at which the subject was brought forward. They used the most powerful arguments in their endeavor to prevail upon him; they implored him to consider that an alliance with the Princess they had decided upon would strengthen his throne, and would not only contribute to his happiness, but would be a deathblow to the agitators who were bringing dissension into the kingdom. On mention of these agitators, the King spoke, for the first time, with animation.

"It is fitting that this matter should be noticed," he said; "it is a serious one."

"Nay, nay, a trifle," observed one and another, not wishing to attach too much importance to it.

He joined issue with them at once, to their great annoyance.

I dissent entirely from the estimate you form of these agitations. I dissent entirely from the view you take of the result of an alliance with the Princess you mention—whom I believe to be a good, virtuous lady. Even if my own personal happiness were not consulted in the proposed alliance—"It is, Your Majesty," they protested; "it is. Cannot you see it?"

"No, I cannot see it," he continued, in a steady tone. "Even, as I said, if my own personal happiness were not consulted in this proposed alliance, and I was willing to sacrifice it—which, let me tell you plainly, I am not, my lords (there is a certain matter, of which you are in ignorance, in which my honor is concerned)—even then my marriage with this lady would not cast off upon these troubled waters. Whether you are aware of it or not, I have lately interested myself in looking into certain matters which have much disturbed me. There are, in my opinion, grievances existing in No-land which should not be left to remedy themselves in the course of time, but which claim imperatively claim—to be examined and judged at once upon their own grounds. The best thing to be done is for me to hear in person what these Quamoclit and Whortleberries have to say."

Thereupon ensued such a clamor as was never before heard in the Cabinet. They were aghast at the suggestion. They looked at each other with pale and inflamed faces, according to their tempers. What! The King, in his sacred person—who was to the people a symbol of right and might and power and glory—to so far forget his position as to receive these common agitators! All precedent would be outraged by such a proceeding. The King interrupted them here.

"Precedent! precedent! precedent!" he cried. "And are we to be for ever governed by those we have, and never make a new one out of our enlarged knowledge and advancing civilization? Are we for ever to be turned from the contemplation of a course which we conceive to be right, because it has never been trodden before?"

They adopted another line of defense. They said that the proceedings of the Quamoclit and Whortleberries were not worthy of high notice; that the members of their societies and associations were of the very lowest order.

"But tell me," said the King, "are not four-fifths of my people of the lowest class?"

They were compelled to admit that this was so.

"Well, then," he continued, "who should be legislated for—the many or the few?"

Still they insisted that the persons spoken of belonged to the rabble, whom it would be folly to recognize.

"But," he demanded, "what if they force themselves upon your recognition?"

"They have not forced themselves upon ours," they replied loftily.

Upon which he related to them what he termed The Parable of the Trees.

"In a fine and fertile tract of land, a number of tall trees stood with their heads raised constantly to the skies. At their feet languished an infinite variety of small flowers and shrubs, whose numbers in comparison with the trees were as ten thousand to one. Without any thought of their humble brethren, these lofty trees grew and grew, and spread their branches wider and wider, until, in course of time, they absorbed all the light and air which it was in the power of nature to bestow. 'Look down upon our condition,' cried the smaller flowers, 'and keep yourselves within bounds, so that we may enjoy a fair share of the sweet light and fresh breezes, which are as necessary to our wellbeing as to yours.' But the trees, whose pride had lifted them so high, were now almost out of hearing of the humble residents of the wood, and as they never descended to cast their eyes downwards, they were in ignorance of the sad condition of the lower growth; and even when, in consequence of the increasing clamor of the multitude for light and air, the complaints reached their ears, they bit their heads still higher to the skies. The multitude increased in strength, if not in beauty, and with the necessity of living strong upon them, wound themselves, from very force of circumstances, round about the roots of the trees, and made such inroads into the earth as to sap the foundations of their powerful brethren—for they were all members of one family. 'Give us room,' they continued to cry; 'give us opportunity; give us at least fair play.' Still the trees turned a deaf ear, and scornfully continued their way, with no fear for their own safety. They thought that what had been always would be. But one day a great storm burst over their heads, and they had become so weakened by the proceedings of the multitude, and their own pride, that they had not strength to withstand it. They tottered and fell, crushing to death thousands of their humble brethren in their fall. But they fell, never to rise again."

Not one of the counselors could see the slightest application in this parable, to which nevertheless they were bound to listen with respect. They renewed their solicitations; they begged the King to reconsider his decision. The harder they begged, the more obstinate he became. He rose and said: "My lords, in three days from this I shall receive the Quamoclit and Whortleberries, and shall listen to what they have to say."

Injury or a personal injustice, but that which emanates from a large and comprehensive view of humanity. Born among the people, and living among them, he had made himself intimately acquainted with the condition of their lives, with their struggles, their limited desires, their modest aspirations. He was conversant with their virtues and their vices, and in the views he expressed of these extremes he was almost a prophet.

Every action of his life spoke in his favor; he was a conscientious workman, a temperate liver, and had never been known to lie or to commit a dishonest action. He was fixed in his belief that Royalty was a bad institution, and that its existence gave birth to pernicious personal ambition, in the carrying out of which the lower classes of people were made to suffer. He had been asked on many occasions to go publicly among the people, and advocate his views, but he had consistently refused. "When the right time comes," he said, "better men than I will rise to lead you." But even his calm temperament had been stirred by the recent agitations, and when he was waited upon by a deputation, and was told that the choice of the people had fallen upon him as their spokesman, he allowed himself to be prevailed upon, and consented to accompany the deputation in that capacity. Old Humanity was the name by which he was generally known among the lower classes.

To the palace came this old man, in his working clothes, accompanied by a mixed assembly, chiefly composed of Quamoclets and Whortleberries. Many of the men were hot and dusty, having carried heavy banners through the streets. Outside the palace a huge concourse of people was gathered, waiting to hear the result of the interview. They were perfectly orderly and peaceful.

Sassafras received the deputation in the great hall of the palace; behind him stood his counselors, among whom was Lord Crabtree, Bidgety, and Freckle, and anxious. The thoughtful, melancholy face of the King evidently surprised Old Humanity, as he stepped forward; but he set aside all sentiment, and proceeded steadily with the task before him.

This man was a born orator, and the theme on which he spoke was one in which the whole strength of his heart and mind was enlisted.

He had come well armed with facts and with an army of injustices which he said would take a week to narrate.

He selected the strongest instances, and laid them before the King. By means of contrast he drew powerful and startling pictures. Not new ones; old as the hills almost were they, but they were faithful transcriptions. Here, the very extreme of physical want and destitution; there, the very extreme of undeserved luxury and ease. Ignorance, crime, and squalor on the one side; intellectual wealth and material splendor on the other. He even went so far, in his preliminary remarks, as to show how one man was forced to earn a living, while his brother rode in his carriage to salvation. He insisted that, as it was no fault or merit of the child whether he was born in St. Giles or St. James, it was the imperative duty of the State to act in some part as the father instead of the jailer of the unfortunate; he argued that, if this were done wisely and judiciously, there would in time be no such place as St. Giles; and he said that the difference between classes was so appallingly wide as to be a crime in the eyes of God and humanity. He illustrated every step of his argument; from his mind he drew logic—from his heart he drew pity. He quoted largely from Christ and from religious teachings. He had brought with him extracts from the sermons of living divines, and he placed practice side by side with precept. Here are such and such utterances, he said; here are such and such facts; and he asked the King to reconcile them. He spoke of the struggle of great numbers of the laboring classes, which every now and then forced themselves to the surface; he gave a true history of the personal condition of the agricultural laborers, and of the miserable condition of their lives; he drew a painful picture of children brought up in the brickyards and the gutters, and who were compelled to sink in degradation with their mothers' milk; he declared that there never was a period in the world's history in which the lust for money and power was producing such baneful effects as at present; and after traveling over much ground which there is not space here to touch upon, he came to his peroration, in which he stated his honest conviction that the monarchical institution had proved itself to be utterly inadequate to remedy these evils.

This lame and inadequate description of his speech, which occupied an hour in its delivery, must be accepted; but no words could do justice to the man's eloquence and fire and sincerity. When he concluded, murmurs of delighted approval broke out among the auditors in the body of the hall; then there was silence for many moments, during which all eyes were turned towards the King. His face was hidden from them, and when he raised it, something like a clear light shone in his eyes.

"I have listened to you patiently," he said, in low sad tone, "and you have told me many things of which I was ignorant. I require time for self-communion: come to-morrow to the palace, at this hour, and you shall receive my reply."

He bowed to them, and they departed. Then without a word to his counselors, who crowded anxiously about him, he waved them aside, and retired to his private apartment.

* * * * *

Had any person been present in the rear of the King's lodge at about ten o'clock that night, he might have seen a man emerge from the door. The night was dark, and the man stood for a little while, with the handle of the door in his hand, peering into the darkness. Then he locked the door, and threw the key among the distant trees. He was commonly dressed, and was evidently anxious not to be observed. He turned towards the palace, and waved a farewell to it, and with a strange expression on his face, and a sigh which seemed to lift a heavy weight from his heart, and yet had in it a sound of pain and weariness, he plunged into the wood, and crept stealthily away.

* * * * *

On the following day, at the time set down by the King, the Quamoclets and Whortleberries, headed by Old Humanity, made their way to the palace. Their numbers were more numerous than on the previous occasion. There could not have been fewer than a hundred thousand persons congregated in the open spaces round about the palace. The deputation was received by Lord Crabtree and his fellows. In Lord Crabtree's hand was a sealed letter. Addressing Old Humanity, the courier said:

"I have received a communication from his most gracious Majesty this morning, in which he desires me to hand you this letter as his answer. His Majesty says that you are to open this letter and read it aloud here. Perhaps it will be as well—perhaps it will be as well."

Old Humanity took the letter from Lord Crabtree's hand. From where he was standing many of the deputation could not see him.

"Stand upon the dais," they shouted, "so that we can all see and hear."

Lord Crabtree placed himself in Old Humanity's way.

"It cannot be permitted," he said; "it cannot be permitted. This is royal ground."

Old Humanity, pushing steadily forward, replied:

"The King says that I am to read the contents aloud to all the people. This is the only elevation from which I can oblige the King's command."

Lord Crabtree was compelled to give way, and Old Humanity stood in the place which the King had occupied the previous day. He opened the letter, and every person in the vast hall inclined his head to hear what the King had written. The court parasites, of whom a larger number were now present, were as anxious as the people.

"This is what King Sassafras writes," cried Old Humanity, in a ringing tone:

"I have pondered seriously over the words you, as representative of the people, have addressed to me, and I recognize the justice of your complaints. I believe that your grievances are not imaginary, but that they really exist, and call for instant remedy. What personal feeling influences me in the decision I have come to it is not necessary here to state; but my conscience tells me that if I, as King, am responsible for one-thousandth part of the miseries and injustices which you have placed before me with so much power and eloquence, I should not, now that I am made acquainted with them, deserve to live another hour if in my own person I continued to perpetuate them. You tell me that if the people of No-land were to be governed by themselves, these evils would soon be remedied, and justice would be done. In God's name, let justice be done—but let there be no violence, no bloodshed. Into the people's hands I resign my crown, and what power and authority they suppose I have possessed. I enjoin the nobles of my court to do nothing to obstruct my wish—if they do, I can at any moment return and punish them for their disobedience. It will be useless seeking for me; they will not find me. From this day the people of No-land are to be governed by the people. Most cheerfully do I resign my office, and most humbly do I pray for a realization of your noble aspirations."

SASSAFRAS."

After the wonderment which the reading of this strange document produced had subsided, the people broke into a great roar of delight. Lord Crabtree, white and trembling, tottered out of the palace, and hid himself. Old Humanity was carried to the window, from the balcony of which he read, in his most piercing tones, the King's letter. The enthusiasm was wild and unbounded. The Quamoclets and Whortleberries danced and shouted and threw up their caps. The only person upon whose face there was an expression of uncertainty and perplexity was the face of Old Humanity.

XIV.

THE FLIGHT FROM THE PALACE.

I was said afterwards that for a hundred years such a storm had not been experienced in No-land as that which broke over the country on the night of the abdication of the King. The wild winds shrieked through the forests, uprooting the trees, and swaying them as though they were blades of grass; the rain came down with the force of a deluge, and rivers rushed through the streets; the thunder shook strong buildings to their foundations, and many persons were struck dead by lightning. The pious wept and prayed, believing that the last day had come; the souls of men whose days had been evilly spent fainted within them, and the sinners trembled and repented and made vows.

While Iris, sitting up in her lonely cottage, listened to the wind, and prayed that no harm would befall her friends, her sisters, Luceerne and Daisy, were sound asleep; and our Iris was working after midnight by the light of one candle, putting a stitch here and a stitch there in their humble clothing. A tender little mother was our small maiden, working with cheerfulness and patience and love.

The storm had overtaken Sassafras in the woods. His own fault, chiefly, that he was there when it broke, for he had dallied with the time. He had carefully planned all the details of his flight, but what was to follow he had left to chance. Only when he had thrown away the key of his private lodge, and had plunged into the forest, did he begin to think of what should be his next steps. To go to Bluebell's cottage at such a time of the night was impossible: and when his thoughts reverted to Coltfoot as a refuge, he was dismayed by the reflection that his strange and unexpected appearance, taken in conjunction with the flight of the King, might engender suspicions in Coltfoot's mind. It was a wild and improbable contingency to fear, but conscience magnified it, and made it reasonable and probable to the thinker. Well did he know that, in such an event, all hope of a happy and peaceful life with the beloved of his heart would be utterly and completely destroyed. The risk, therefore, was too great to run. Where should he hide? Where should he find a refuge?

He sat himself down to think, but his mind was in a whirl, and he weakly raised his hand to his aching head. He was tired and faint and hungry; scarcely an ounce of food had passed his lips that day; he had been too overwrought and excited to give a thought to material things. His nerves had been strung to a dangerous tension during the last few weeks, and unconsciously he had overtaxed his strength, physically and mentally. This had not made itself apparent during the fever of events through which he had passed; but now that he had, as it were, flung his past life behind him, nevertheless, as he vowed and resolved, to be resumed, now that he was relieved of the exquisite torture which his heart and soul had suffered for so long a time, his strength gave way. A sudden weakness fell upon him; an aching weariness oppressed him. He found himself listening, with listless curiosity, to the sounds in the air which portended the approach of the storm. A vacant smile came to his lips as he heard the first low growling of the thunder. The trees sighed and bent: he heard the sighs, and he connected the sounds with such thoughts as were uppermost in his mind, shaping them into words, and singing them in a vacant manner, and yet in rhythm with the murmur of the trees. He saw them bend, and they assumed the form of the persons with whom he had come in contact—the unfortunate man who had attempted his life—of court parasites bowing and bending before him—of Old Humanity—of a vast concourse of people surging this way and that.

Iris crept softly to the bed where Luceerne and Daisy were sleeping, and kissed them both, the tenderest caress being given to Daisy, who, as the youngest, most needed her care. A perfect little Daisy indeed, bright, fresh, and smiling in her sleep. Her body was clean, her soul was pure: sweet as the breath of morning was the breath from her lips. Her little fingers closed upon Iris's hand as this guardian angel of the lowly dwelling leaned over her and caressed her—closed and clasped with eloquent affection. With a bright smile upon her dear and patient face, the little

woman tenderly placed Daisy's arm beneath the clothes, and tucked up both the children to the very creases of their necks, so that not a gap was left for the cold air to creep through. Then she went back to her work, and resumed her stitching.

The first distinct peal of thunder broke over the woods. Sassafras laughed aloud. He had removed his cap from his fevered head. The first heavy drops of rain fell. He raised his hand to his forehead, and felt the raindrops, wondering. A flash of lightning darted into the earth, and in the sudden blaze of light he saw strange faces appear and disappear, and then a white form which his fancy imaged into Bluebell. He started to his feet, and strove to trace the sequence of events which had led him into these dark woods, into this mental chaos. Memory returned to him gradually, and then he knew, by the burning of his flesh, by the trembling of his limbs, by the dreadful sickness in his heart, that he was ill and weak, and that it behaved him to find a shelter. Whither should he direct his steps?

His mind wandered again. Dark shapes and forms melted into one another, melted suddenly into the picture of a churchyard, with three small fiddlers playing over a grave. This picture came to him in another vivid flash of lightning; and, impelled partly by delirium, partly by reason which was struggling vainly to regain its sway, he walked mechanically towards the house in which his young friends lived. The rain beat down upon him: he did not know that he had dropped his cap, and he raised his hand and placed it, as he thought, upon his still uncovered head; the lightning played about him; the thunder whirled in his mind. Still he struggled on, directing his steps aright. But his progress was slow: he had to feel his way, and it is doubtful whether he would not have been compelled to give up the attempt in despair had he been quite sensible and responsibly conscious.

Iris, having completed her work, put away her needle and thread, and carefully folding up the clothes, placed them aside. Then she undressed, and knelt to her prayers, and crept into bed next to Daisy, who in her sleep nestled close to her sister-mother. The cottage was in darkness. "How cold it must be outside," thought Iris, "how nice and warm there! I hope it will be fine tomorrow." The last thought that dwelt in her mind, before she fell asleep, was the comfortable one that the water-butt would be quite filled in the morning.

The wind shrieked and moaned without, now lashed into agony, now exhausted by pain. It bore presently upon its wings sighs and moans of human suffering. A hush in the storm took place. Iris was not, like her sisters, a sound and deep sleeper; she had too many cares. Generally in the middle of night she awoke, and thought of things, reckoning up mentally how much money they had, and scheming and planning. She awoke on this night, and as she lay thinking, a groan fell upon her ears—fell heedlessly and without meaning at first, for she was not fully conscious; but when it was repeated, she sat up in bed quickly, and listened, not even then that it was not a trick of her fancy. Again she heard the sound of suffering. What should she do? The question was asked and answered in a breath. Our little maid did not know what fear was; she knew what suffering was, for she had nursed her mother through a long sickness; she had been acquainted with it from her earliest years. Up she rose bravely, and went to the door. She heard the groans plainly now, and unconnected words in which her own name, and the names of Daisy and Luceerne, occurred. She lit the candle, and after assuring herself that Daisy and Luceerne were still sleeping, she opened the street-door softly.

"Who is there?" she asked.

A moan answered her. The wind rushed in, and extinguished the light. Iris shivered with cold. Her worn bare feet were chilled when she advanced upon the doorstep. She stretched out her hand, and felt about in the darkness. It came to a human face, and a hot hand strove to grasp her feebly.

"Who is it?" asked the little maid, with a palpitating heart. "Who are you?"

In the unintelligible words that followed she recognized the voice of the friend they all loved so well, and with a man's strength she helped the sufferer into the house, he crawling after her, animated only by the instinct that to lie where he had fallen was certain death. She closed the street-door when he was safely inside, and relit the candle. Then she saw that it was indeed her friend, and with compassionate cries she knelt by his side, and raised his head upon her lap. He was wet to the skin, and the water was oozing away all around him. She questioned him, and wild words answered her; but he opened his eyes, and for a moment they rested tenderly upon her face; then he relapsed into delirium. How she gained the wisdom that guided her actions heaven only knows; but she saw that he was terribly ill, and that not a moment was to be lost. At this moment Luceerne awoke, and called out to know what was the matter. Iris bade her get up immediately, and Luceerne obeyed her. When she came to the side of Sassafras, and recognized him, she began to cry.

"You mustn't cry! you mustn't cry!" exclaimed Iris, in an agitated tone. "Light the fire, quick! Put the kettle on. He is very ill, and we must nurse him."

All this time her hands were busy removing his wet clothes. Happily for her and for himself a lucid interval came to him.

"Do you know me? Do you know me?" inquired Iris, almost despairingly, for she was not strong enough to perform the duties required of her.

"Yes, you are Iris; and that is Luceerne there, lighting the fire. Dear children! dear children!"

"Then quick! undress yourself and get into bed!"

Swiftly she took Daisy in her arms, out of the warm bed in which they had all been lying, and with their clothes she made a nest for that little one beside the fire, and placed her comfortably there. Daisy did not awake. Nothing disturbed the little creature in the night. By that time Sassafras was in the warm bed, and presently Iris was by his side with a cup of hot tea, which he drank gratefully. He was still lucid. Indeed, he kept himself so by a strong effort of will: he had something to say before he would allow the fever to master him again. He beat the delirium away fiercely.

"Bend your head," he whispered to Iris. "Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"I have been overtaken by misfortune; I am afraid I am going to be ill. Stop a moment—stop a moment. (With a wild motion of his hands: the words were addressed to himself, and were intended to check the wave of fever that he felt to be coming upon him.) "If you love me, you must promise me to nurse me yourself and not go to Coltfoot or Bluebell. I exact the promise. Give it to me—for God's sake give it to me!"

"I do! I do!" cried Iris, with the tears running down her face.

"God will reward you; I cannot. Dear child,

dear child! An angel dwells in your breast. But listen still. You are not to go to those dear ones I have named until the fever is over that I feel coming upon me. And what strange words I may utter you will not repeat. Swear to me—no, promise, that is enough—that you will not tell them what I say."

"Yes, yes; I promise."

"Ah me! ah me! Did I not tell you that I have been overtaken by a great misfortune? I shall say strange things—I have had strange fancies. But they will be over soon. The world is not all bad. There is goodness in it; there is sweetness in it. There are stars of peace and love in it. Come!"

He stretched out his arms, and rose in bed; the girl's hand upon his breast was sufficient to compose him, and he sank back again.

"One more word," he said, grasping consciousness, as it were, before it entirely escaped him, "if I am rebellious, and give you trouble, whisper to me the name of Bluebell. Peace dwells with her."

These were the last rational words he uttered for three weeks, during which time Iris nursed him with tender care. But she would have found it far more difficult than she did to be faithful to the trust reposed in her, and which she accepted, had it not been that Coltfoot found so much to do in consequence of the excitement into which the country was thrown by the abdication of the King, that every moment of his time was occupied. His task was to throw oil upon the troubled waters among the poor whom he knew, and to prevent them from becoming violent in the extravagance of their agitation at the new state of things which was to be such a blessing to them. During these three weeks, Coltfoot saw Iris on three or four occasions, when she contrived to meet him always in the streets, and he was satisfied by her words that all was going on well with her and her sisters. The little maid played a cunning part, and played it well. She obtained medicines from Coltfoot, leading him to believe that they were for a poor person whom she visited; and by this means and her own unrewarded care she nursed Sassafras into convalescence.

"I can never repay you, dear child," he said, as he lay upon the bed, a shadow of his former self.

"Go now to Coltfoot and Bluebell, and tell them I am here."

XV.

THROUGHOUT THREE CHANGES OF THE SEASONS.

As in a panorama scenes of places far distant from one another pass before our eyes within few minutes—pace and time being defied, as it were, and conquered by the artist's brush—so, in some part after the same fashion, shall certain pictures be given while the seasons run their course in nature's wondrous scheme.

A little village church shines out in the clear light of morning. The snow is on the ground; the air is sweet, and the heavens are bright. Round about the door are grouped thirty or forty poor women and children, dressed in their best; some carry bunches of Winter flowers in their hands. To this village church come Bluebell and Sassafras, to plight their troth according to God's holy ordinance: Coltfoot accompanies them, and Robin; and Iris and Luceerne and Daisy. Affectionate hands hold out the flowers to the bride and bridegroom; affectionate looks greet them whichever way they turn. With heads reverently bent they listen to the words of the priest: love is in their hearts, solemn thoughts are in their minds. Sassafras silently thanks God for the new life which this day begins for him; and the beautiful face of the bride grows still more beautiful as she plights her troth. It is near Christmas time, and the good season's gladness is reflected in the faces of those who throng the little church. "May it be always Christmas with you, my child," says Coltfoot to Bluebell, as he kisses her in a fatherly way. He turns to Sassafras, and grasps his hand with faithful grasp. Then, with a smile on his lips, he leaves them, saying that he will be with them at the cotillion in an hour.

How does he spend this hour? Alone, he stands in the cold, white woods. He knows that this day has set the seal upon all his hopes of home and domestic love. No loving woman shall ever nestle in his arms, and call him husband. No child shall ever cling to his knees, and call him father. Waves of grief pass over his soul; sighs issue from his aching breast; tears stain his face; a wintry smile dwells upon his lips. Suddenly the sun shines out: its warm rays rest upon a branch from which cold icicles hang, which presently dissolve, and drop in diamond tears one by one to earth. "

merciful yet just, the lessons they learn from him clear the clouds from their minds, and make their souls and bodies clean and wholesome. Many a home has been made bright and happy.

It is Summer, and Coltsfoot and Sassafras stand by a small patch of land on which the corn is ripening. The plot is a very small one, and they have acquired it by industry; they have cultivated it with their own hands. "There will be a good crop," says Sassafras; "we shall have flour enough for the year." "And a little to spare," adds Coltsfoot. Together they walk to the little cottage, which is again bright with color. Within the honeysuckle porch sits Bluebell, working, and watching for the approach of her husband and friend. They come. She runs to meet them. A heaven of happiness is in the heart of Sassafras as he walks towards their home with his arm around her waist, and he murmurs gratefully, "Now do I know what sweetness there is in life." "What is that you are whispering?" asks Bluebell. "That I am the happiest man in No-land, my darling," he replies. "Then I think," she says, with that indescribably tender movement which in such moments a woman makes towards the man she loves, "that I must be the happiest woman."

The brown tints of Autumn are coming into the leaves as all these humble friends whom I have grown to love stand around the grave. Dame Endive is dead. To the last she never forgave Sassafras for robbing her son of Bluebell, and if there had been room for a thorn in the happy cottage, she would have planted it. But there was no room. Her son and her friends would not allow it to grow. And now she is removed from them, and there is one soul the less in the happy nest. But another will soon be added to it—a flower which will bring a new and heaven-born joy to the hearts of Bluebell and Sassafras.

It is Winter again; and Christmas-day dawns upon them. The church-bells ring blithely in the air, and Sassafras and his friends walk to church.

"We are seven," says Coltsfoot, as he looks around, for Robin, and Iris, and her sisters are of the party, making up the number. They sit in the rear of the building. The preacher is a rough earnest man, and his unstudied words come from a deep well of earnestness. Occasionally his similes are startling in their truthful application. They are like rays of sunlight shining on dark places, where what is hidden or has been hidden is suddenly made clear to the understanding. He is emphatically a preacher of the gospel of the poor, and he sets forth the old, old lessons, more needed now than at any other time in the world's history. His text is, "Love one another." In

beautiful and simple language he describes the duty which man owes to man, and sets before his hearers so clear a view of the right course of life—not only right, but wise, because of the sweetness there is in it—that the dullest among them can comprehend. "Not to-day alone," he says, "but every day in the year, should be Christmas. The sentiments which animate and sweeten this season would, if they were exercised continually, be the mightiest soldiers that can be found against ignorance, and misery, and crime; they would raise humanity to a higher level—nearer to the divine spirit which raises it above the level of the brute—nearer to the example which is worshiped in theory, the example set by Him who bade you bear one another's burdens." The day is spent in rational enjoyment. They walk to a spot endeared to Sassafras and Bluebell by the tenderest memories—to echo-land. Again they wake the echoes: again the inspired hollow speaks and sings. The scene is even more beautiful now in their eyes than in the Summer. The pure white snow lies lightly on hill and plain, and beautifies every bare branch. "Such a scene as this," says Coltsfoot, "always brings to my mind, in some way, a picture of creation before the first day, when the world was waiting for God's breath to awaken it to life and blossom." "To me," says Sassafras, "it brings the fancy of the world sleeping after a fever of turbulent years;" and adds, "The world is all asleep, and we stand here, musing on things that in the lap of time have sunk to rest." Sassafras and Bluebell wander to the spot where he first told her that he loved her: though nothing but snow meets their eyes, the flowers are blooming as brightly for them as on that bright Summer day which filled their lives with tender memories. In the evening they are all together in the cottage, and the three little girls, with their violins, play important parts. Robin looks at Iris, and the idea suddenly occurs to him that she is very pretty; but his mind is not of the strongest, and there the idea remains, without forcing itself into expression. Bluebell is unusually quiet, and they do not disturb her. The fire crackles and glows, and she gazes long into the bright blaze, with eyes so happy and wistful that a few words whispered to her in a soft tone by Sassafras bring tears into them. She takes his hand, her fingers twine round his with convulsive tenderness.

And now it is New-Year's night, and Sassafras and Coltsfoot are walking slowly to and fro outside the cottage, in the windows of which lights are gleaming. Every now and then Sassafras steps gently into the cottage, and in a few moments comes out again and rejoins Coltsfoot. No word passes between them. A life dear to both is hanging upon the moments. Hark! a cry reaches their ears—a cry so faint that none but ears attuned to love could hear it. Coltsfoot passes his arm round his friend to support him, for on that cry a sudden dizziness has come upon Sassafras. Still neither speaks; but both are mutely praying that the life so dear to them may be spared. The door of the cottage is softly opened and a cheerful face invites Sassafras to enter. When, in a few minutes, Sassafras comes from the cottage, his eyes are filled with tears of joy and gratitude; he holds out his hand to Coltsfoot. "Thank God!" he says, with a sob; "all is well." And then he turns from his friend, and muses upon the new and solemn responsibility which has entered into his life.

Time rolls on. Men fret and chafe their hearts in the pursuit of small things, which they falsely magnify into desirable possessions, and neglect the priceless blessings and joys which Nature holds out to them with willing, untiring hand. When Bluebell steps into the sunlight again, she has a baby at her breast, and into the fresh young beauty of her face has stolen that ineffable expression of holy tenderness which dwells only in the face of the mother. Ah, how happy are the days, how sweet the evenings, when she and Sassafras sit in their little humble room, gazing upon the child which has drawn life from them! Sassafras wants nothing, yearns for nothing; he has about him all that can make life sweet. He is not poor, for he has enough; and yet he has but little. But content is a treasure, outweighing gold and silver, and this treasure he has. He looks back upon his past life with amazement at the folly of men; and morning and night he thanks God that he has escaped from the thralldom that poisoned his days and made a slave of him.

So happy is he that he trembles at the idea of discovery; but nothing occurs to disturb the harmony of his life. Besides, he is now a bearded man, and few would be able to recognize him. What with his work in the day, and his duties in Coltsfoot's school in the evening, he is employed fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. He enjoys a glow of health to which he has hitherto been a stranger; he enjoys the air, the sunshine, the breath of Summer, and the invigorating breezes which Winter brings in its train.

"It is true," he thinks, "that I am no longer a king, but I feel that I am a man."

He cannot quite banish thought of the past, although he strives to do so. He keeps himself steadily aloof from all political matters, and flies from them as though a plague were attached to them; but at odd times thought of No-land and his Court and people intrudes itself against his will, and seems to whisper, in a tone of steel: "Nay, I will be heard!" It comes upon him once—he is impelled by some inward force, and cannot resist—to introduce politics into a conversation with Coltsfoot.

They have been to hear a social sermon from the lips of a preacher, upon whom many of his brethren look with displeasure and aversion. Strange to say, this preacher is a bishop. Strange, because he is not content with flowing platitudes; because with firm hand he grasps the nettle Danger in his search for the flower Safety; because he is unsparing in his denunciation of the follies and frivolities which pervade certain classes of society, and is bitterly severe upon those who make pleasure the chief business of their lives.

This bishop thanks God that there are some few "noble men and women rising above this utter animalism, this low sensualism, and who do endeavor to realize that they have a duty to discharge to God and man;" and says, "though philosophers may make themselves merry at the expense of Christianity, and though clever writers may run down so-called sectarian schools, and think it the height of enjoyment to ride on the box of a four-in-hand, or sail in a yacht, these are not the things by which a man may discharge his conscience to God."

Bitterly does he deplore that so many men and women in high places "go through the world with blinners over their eyes, shutting out the painful sights around them, or stop their ears with wool, so that they may not hear the cry of the fatherless; and yet these men and women have a sunny kind of belief that they are performing life's duties worthily, and that to be seen in a church now and then during the year is a cloak for their idle, aimless hours and days."

These words make a deep impression upon Sassafras, and he says to Coltsfoot, as they walk out of church:

"The preacher seems to think that there is as wide a difference now between classes in No-land as there was before the disappearance of the King."

"You have been too happy in your domestic life," replies Coltsfoot, "to pay much heed to politics; and as I have observed, when I have introduced political matters into our conversations, that you have been desirous of avoiding the discussion of them, I have not pressed them upon you. But the change in the political condition of the country has not, up to this day, resulted in a better state of things for the people. I think that the man who was chosen to represent the opinions of the new governing power would confess as much. The time was not ripe for change. If you want a tree, after it has attained a full and strong growth, to grow one way or the other, it must be trained very gently. These men demanded an impossibility. They asked for equality, and already they have shown themselves utterly unfit for government: already they are quarreling among themselves for place and pay. The flavor of Egypt's fleshpots has proved too strong for their patriotism."

"I have never heard you express an opinion," says Sassafras, "upon the action of the King in despatching his post."

"He was both weak," replies Coltsfoot, "and wanting in a sense of duty."

Sassafras does not pursue the subject; and indeed presently it fades from his mind before the pressure of a deep affliction. His child, so sweet a source of joy and happiness in their home, sickens and dies. The little one lies ill for many days and nights, and neither love, nor unwearying attention, nor heartfelt prayers can save it. The mother, in her care for her darling, begrudges the claims which Nature makes upon her; and even when, after long, long hours of watching, sleep mercifully steals from her for a little while the pangs of grief she suffers, she will not leave her darling, but lies by his side, with her hand upon his neck, as though, by that tender care, she can move the Angel of Death to stay his hand.

In vain. The last hour comes surely, and in the dead of night the flower dies with the dim light of its parents' eyes shining upon it.

Come from the chamber with me; the grief of these stricken souls is too deep, too sacred for our eyes. They find consolation in their faithful love for each other, and a stronger consolation in prayer. In the chamber of death, with the inanimate form of their beloved before them, they see a light beyond the grave. It falls upon the face of their child, and he lives again, and stretches out his arms to them.

So Bluebell and Sassafras live their lives throughout three changes of the seasons.

But this Christmas shall be the last they shall spend together in that humble cottage of love and content.

XVI.

CUNNING LITTLE DICK.

THE change came about in a strange way. It had been Coltsfoot's habit for many years to visit certain places on Christmas-day, and he had often spoken to Sassafras of the beautiful and touching scenes he had witnessed at this season in a large hospital, where the sick poor were cared for. Sassafras had expressed a wish to see these scenes, and upon this Christmas night he accompanied Coltsfoot to the hospital. They left Bluebell at home, with Iris, Lucerne, and Daisy, saying they would return at nine o'clock. Robin was also at home, making big eyes at Iris, and thinking, as he had thought three years ago, how pretty she was. He had not, however, yet mustered sufficient courage to put his thought in words.

On their way to the hospital, Coltsfoot conversed with Sassafras upon the state of the country, and Sassafras learnt much that astonished him. The new administration had utterly failed to remedy the evils of which the people had complained; the most unscrupulous of the Quamochites and Whorterberries had gone into power, and were making the worst use of it. Not only were they incompetent, they were corrupt; and the people in every part of No-land were crying out for a change.

"Change!" cried Sassafras. "What change?"

"They say they were happier under Sassafras, and they are asking where he is. The papers are full of the theme; even the papers owned by the Reformers say it would be a happy day for the country if the King could be found and induced to resume his crown. The principal one of these papers is edited by Old Humanity—"

"Do you know that man?" inquired Sassafras, in an agitated tone.

"I have frequently conversed with him, and if I meet him in no other place, I meet him often at the hospital we are going to now. He has a daughter there, a nurse. Well, even Old Humanity, although his opinions are in no ways changed, has said in his paper that it would be well if the King could be found. This man, very singularly, speaks in somewhat affectionate terms of Sassafras: it seems that on the occasion on which he acted as spokesman for the people, he was most favorably impressed by the demeanor of the young King. The mystery is what can have become of him. Some say he is dead; yet his body has not been found. Old Humanity declares that the King is alive, and in No-land; if so, he has concealed himself cunningly. But here we are at the hospital."

Sassafras, disturbed as he was by what he had just heard, found much that interested him in this hospital. He would fain have lingered long in the children's ward, which was beautifully lit up by hundreds of small Christmas candles of yellow, and green, and red, and blue. The ward was lined with straight rows of cots, every one of which had its child occupant, and the eyes of all were fixed with eager gaze upon the colored lights which made the scene brilliant. Some of the sick children lay upon their backs, very still and quiet, and from the snow-white bed-linen peeped pitiful white faces; the faces of others were joyous; some clapped their little hands! and some rose in their cots, and seemed as though they would have wished things to go on for ever in this way. Not one of the children in this ward was more than twelve years of age: some were mere babies; but there were many old, old faces among them. Before one of these old faces Coltsfoot paused. The child—who was so thin and small that he looked scarcely eight years of age, but was two or three years older—was lying on his side, gazing upon the colored candles, which, as they wasted away, but too surely typified his fate. There was not a trace of pleasure in his sunken eyes, and in his pinched, old, weazened face there was the cunning of a fox.

"Cunning little Dick he's called," whispered the nurse, "and I've been told that he's proud of the title, although since he has been here, I have never seen any other expression on his face than that which rests there now. He was brought here three weeks ago, having been run over and crushed badly, but never a murmur has escaped his lips." Coltsfoot had started at the name.

"Do you remember," he said, in a low tone to Sassafras, "the Christmas Day we spent together when you were a boy, before you went on your travels, and the scene we witnessed in that miserable garret, where a woman lay dead of starvation? Do you remember the baby I found in a corner of the room, and the name they called it by? Dick—little Dick—cunning little Dick!"

Two other persons were now at the bedside. Sassafras trembled as his eyes fell upon the form of Old Humanity. A lad who accompanied the old man stood by the bedside. Not noticing Sassafras's agitation, Coltsfoot continued:

"This poor child must be cunning little Dick."

Old Humanity heard the words, and joined in the conversation,

"Yes, that is the boy's name. He has been brought up in the gutters, and the prison has been his best home, God help him!"

Coltsfoot sighed, and at that moment Old Humanity raised his eyes and looked Sassafras full in the face. Sassafras turned red, then white, beneath the fixed gaze of the old man, and stepped a pace or two away from the bed. Old Humanity also moved away, but he did not remove his eyes from Sassafras's face. He seemed to be puzzling out some problem.

The nurse stopped, and said something kind and gentle to cunning little Dick; but the lad made no response in word or look, although her tone was most motherly and soft.

"It wasn't his fault," said the nurse, in reply to an observation from Coltsfoot; "he had picked a pocket, and was running away. People ran after him, and while he was crossing from one side of the road to the other a man knocked him down. A brewer's dray was passing at the time, and the poor little fellow fell beneath the horses' feet, and was picked up terribly crushed."

Coltsfoot laid his hand upon the nurse's arm with gentle significance, and they both watched the face of cunning little Dick, seeing there what was hidden from the others. The two candles which were on the little table by Dick's side were almost burnt out, and the lad's eyes never wandered from them. Coltsfoot knelt by the bed, and took a little wasted hand in his.

"Dick," he said in a whisper, "I want you to say a prayer; listen, and repeat after me; it will do you good."

Dick listened, never turning his eyes from the light, and a faint smile of scorn came to his lips; he uttered no word. One of the candles was almost at its last gasp; it flickered and flickered.

"What's that you say, Dick?" asked Coltsfoot, for the lad's lips were moving.

Dick's features assumed a more cunning expression. The words he strove to speak could scarcely be said to be spoken, they were so faint and low, but Coltsfoot heard them.

"Not guilty, yer worship."

With a convulsive gasp the candle gave up its light, and a faint smile of scorn came to his lips; he uttered no word. People ran after him, and while he was crossing from one side of the road to the other a man knocked him down. A brewer's dray was passing at the time, and the poor little fellow fell beneath the horses' feet, and was picked up terribly crushed."

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"I never saw the King," said Coltsfoot.

"Are you sure of that?" questioned the old man.

"Quite sure."

A thoughtful smile played about the lips of Old Humanity.

"I was surprised when I first set eyes on him. I saw a young man, with an earnest face, in which doubt and distress were plainly visible. I seemed to see in his eyes a struggle to arrive at the truth of things. I thought, 'Here plainly is a man who,

with proper counselors about him, might become a fit leader of great people.' I was certain that the vicious stories I had heard about him were false, and I went from his presence with a strange feeling of respect and pity for him."

"You still believe he is alive?"

"I am convinced of it. If I had any doubts before to-day, they are now dispelled."

Sassafras understood the meaning of these words. They had now arrived at the cottage.

"I suppose," said Old Humanity, "that I must wish you good-night here."

"Unless you will join our Christmas party," replied Coltsfoot.

Old Humanity looked at Sassafras, waiting for him to speak, and Sassafras was constrained to say:

"I shall be glad if you will spend an hour with us."

Old Humanity bent his head with grave courtesy, and entered the cottage with them. He remained until late in the night, contributing to the happiness of the party, and curiously observant of everything about him.

(Concluded in our next Number.)

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